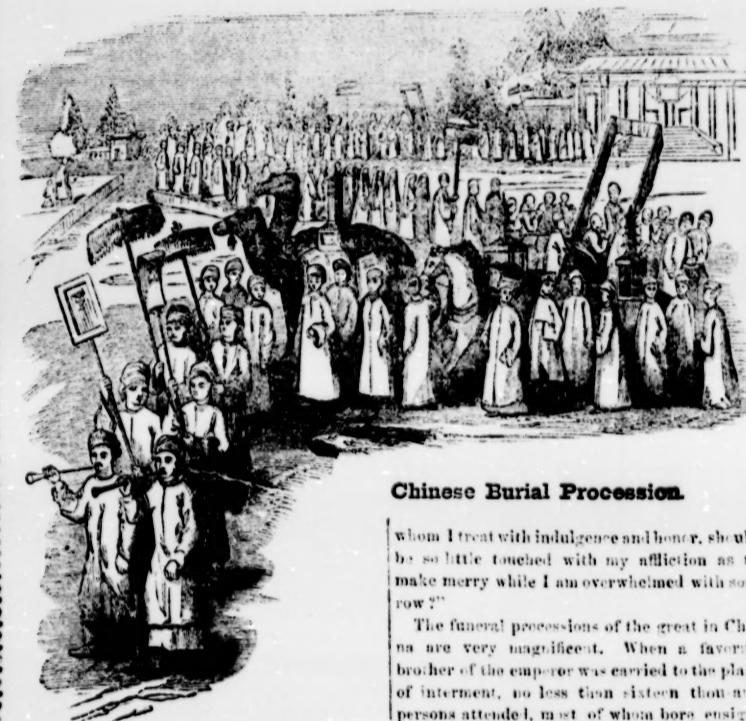


# THE TIMES.

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GREENSBORO, N. C., MARCH 24, 1860.

WHOLE NO. 216.



## Chinese Burial Procession.

Whom I treat with indulgence and honor, should be so little touched with my affliction as to make merry while I am overwhelmed with sorrow?"

The funeral processions of the great in China are very magnificent. When a favorite brother of the emperor was carried to the place of interment, no less than sixteen thousand persons attended, most of whom bore ensigns denoting the rank of the deceased, or offerings to be burnt at his tomb. Trumpeters and music-bearers, umbrellas and canopies of cloth-of-gold, standards, camels and horses laden with sacrifices, the coffin under a large yellow canopy, borne by eighty men, princes, peers, mandarins, and bonzes, made up the great and imposing spectacle.

The reigning family have some very magnificent pieces of sepulture, one of which is in Eastern Tartary, near the city of Shinyang, four or five hundred miles to the northeast of Peking. It is there that the bodies of Shun-chie, and his father, the great conqueror of the Chinese, are entombed; and several mandarins of the Manchow race reside there to take care that the tombs are kept in order, and to pay the customary honors, and make the sepulchral sacrifices at the proper seasons. The tombs are built of white marble, in the Chinese style of architecture, and the large space of ground on which they stand is surrounded by a thick wall with battlements, as though the builders had feared that the sacred spot would have need of defense.

The Chinese, whatever may be their rank, make as much display as they can possibly afford in their funeral rites. The procession is usually extended to a great length, and preceded by solemn music; the melancholy tones of an instrument resembling the Scottish bagpipes, being accompanied at intervals by three strokes of the drum. White standards inscribed with the name and age of the deceased, and a vast number of white lanterns, are carried in the train. The coffin is surrounded by a canopy, and followed by the chief mourner, dressed in a garment of sack-cloth, fastened round his waist with a cord, and a cap of the same material with a white bandage. He is supported by his brothers, or two nearest relatives, after whom succeed in numerous procession, the friends and relations, all habited in coarse white cloth, some on foot, others in sedan chairs covered with white serge, these being mostly the females of the family, who utter loud lamentations the whole way. One of the principal objects in the procession is the tablet, which is sometimes carried in a gilded chair, and is taken back, after the interment, to be placed in the hall of ancestors. At the side of the tomb are erected temporary buildings, of mat or bamboo, where refreshments are laid out on tables by the attendants, while the friends are making sacrifices and burning incense at the tomb. If the deceased has been a mandarin of high rank, it is not uncommon for his sons to remain several weeks on the spot, living in bamboo-huts, that they may renew their expressions of grief, and make new offerings each day to the manes of the departed, and, in obedience to the injunctions of the ancient sages, "sleep upon straw, with a sod of earth for a pillow."

Always speak of a man as you find him.

## FROM THE CLASSIC JOURNAL. The Old Clapred Grave Yard.

*Adapted by G. L. & J. Bishop, M.A.*

The morning sun shone in beauty o'er the plains, And in the radiance of its light, no sadness you could trace. For 'neath the graceful hillocks which caught its earliest ray, There was no mound to mark a spot where man in silence lay: No, death was here a stranger, save in the falling flower, Or in the grass, which quickly springs to wither in an hour. They failed, yes they failed, death to see, what he could gain. And strewed with gentle flowers the hillside and the plain: But in each drooping petal was a life which would not die. They soon from out the form of death looked upward to the sky. Today the scene is changing, they may no longer be Companions in beauty, beneath the calm blue sky. And slowly through the churchyard, is borne with solemn tread, The cold still form the pulseless heart, the features of the dead! Well may the sun less gaily—although as brightly—shine. Well may the earth in sadness her-visioned hopes resign—For death has gained a trophy, which sin, the conqueror gives.

And over the lofty brow of man, his pallid colors wave, Far, far beneath the furrow the ploughman oft hath made. With sighs and bitter weeping, immortal man is laid, The day goes by in sadness, the sun sinks to the West; And on that lone and cherished mound, his parting glances rest.

That first-made grave, how long it lay beneath the glorious sun, How long before another and another lay, was run. There are no stones to tell the tale, sparsely cold and grey.

To tell what year, what month, what hour, these have passed away.

There's one—neglected, not forgot—unmuted and unknown.

Whose eloquence and manly grace amidst our statesmen shone!

Beneath you white armed sycamore, whose old and stately form,

Has borne full many a summer's bloom, full many a winter's storm.

Have sped for generations gone, the loving, kind and true.

And over their graves the years passed on, the pernicious grew—

On some above the dark green leaves the solemn mirthless gleam.

And tell of days which we call old—so distant do they seem.

Some features we have never seen, some voices never heard.

But still, when looking on their graves affection's cords are stirred.

For there repose in youth and age, our own, our kindred dust.

The ashes of the beautiful, the noble and the just;

Then think of this ye living, and view with gloom and dread.

The home of these frail bodies from which the souls have fled:

Eve hath not seen the glories, the ear hath never heard,

Nor heart of man imagined the bliss which is conferred.

When through the courts of heaven, redeemed, secure and free,

The reason of the Lord shall pass, His majesty to see;

"The dead in Christ shall first arise" and from these silent graves.

Where now the grass luxuriantly, in graceful beauty waves.

The forms we've seen in death's embrace, unconscious of our love,

Shall rise before our longing eyes, meet for the realms above.

This hollowed spot, 'tis beautiful, when o'er you mournain's height,

Early risen sun looks forth to fill the world with light—

And dew drops on each grassy grave, sparkle beneath its ray,

Emblems of life, so bright, so fair, so soon to pass away,

Tis beautiful when quiet all rest on the tranquil scene.

That solemn pause we all must feel the morn and eve between.

And when the lengthening shadows fall in silence o'er the place,

And sunset clouds upon the tombs their light so softly trace,

But livelier far, more deeply felt, is the sweet twilight hour,

When in the east the calm full moon comes forth with gentle power,

The voices of graves, the peaceful earth, in language still and soft,

Breath o'er the mind, and fill the heart and lift the soul aloft.

Some passed away "in youth's bright morn," nor knew that death was nigh,

Until with sure and sudden stroke he closed the sparkling eye;

And thus he laid our loved ones low, 'till in the burial ground,

No vacant place for other forms within its walls was found.

No longer may you ancient tree its stalwart branches spread,

In fatherly protection o'er all our cherished dead.

But yet its shadows often fall across the paths around,

Which mark the lone—some vacant still—of the new burial ground.

We've known them all, we've loved them long, these tenants of the land;

And passing hence, each one has left a "broken house-hold land."

Their generations yet survive, and Lucy thought of old.

"The world, the tools all vanish'd now" which round their memory clings.

They are gathering, yet they're gathering, and soon our time will fly.

Below the turf our feet have passed, beside our cheerful clay—

But there's no sadness in the thought if Jesus is our friend.

He leads us through this portal to joys which never end.

Mark you the rising dews, when chilling winds sweep by.

They fail to bloom in beauty beneath a silver sky,

And thus will man triumph at the last trumpet.

Click'd in a Saxon's love to live beyond the skies,

How many scenes have passed over them, and yet they sleep still.

In that unknown dreamless rest which death alone can keep.

Then time died tenderly we pray, with this old burial yard.

Hours which have moulded o'er each green grave bid you its mournful ground.

Clarke County, Va.

## WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

BY THOROUGH STARKE.

On the island of Nonnenwerth, on the Rhine, stands a ruined convent. On all sides the bold rocky shores of this renowned river tower to the sky. On every almost inaccessible peak the moss-grown tufts of many a vine, look down on the pleasure parties bent on visiting the scene of some romantic story. Directly opposite the island, high up on a bathing crag, stands an ancient castle, fast disappearing, and crumbling to decay.

In the summer of '48, I visited this spot, and walked, without a guide, over the ruins of the convent. Never before had such a lovely sight greeted my eyes. The ivy-crowned belfry, the highly ornamented arches, the old pile gradually sinking to the dust under the attacks of the ruthless hand of time, had a peculiar interest for me. Weary alike with the dull routine of London life, and the gay metropolis of France.

The stillness of the evening, cast a fearful

feeling o'er my mind. The murmur of the Rhine, the song of the German peasant, echoed

and reechoed by the rocky banks of the river, sounded sweetly, while now and then the ring

of merry laughter, came to my ears from the village at the foot of Roland's crag. Thus,

with all my senses steeped in forgetfulness,

my mind pictured to itself the days of yore,

when the tower opposite me might have been

owned by some robber-baron, and a hundred

ruffian followers. Up the winding pathway of

the hill a glittering troop were passing. I

seemed to hear the clang of the bit, the ring

of the steel, and the clang of the trumpet;

gaily as they disappear in the wide yawning gate, and as the last horseman enters, the

heavy fall of the portcullis, and the rattling

of the chains of the draw-bridge, sound drearily

through the mountain.

Then I seemed to hear the sweet vesper bell,

and obedient to the summons a train of nuns

emerges from the convent, and crossing the

garden, disappears in the chapel; from whence

issues the delightful music of the evening hymn.

Thus, in pleasant reverie, I spent three

hours of that summer afternoon, and was about

to depart without the least knowledge of the

romance of the place, when a hand was laid

upon my shoulder and an aged peasant thus

addressed me:

"Stranger, I have been watching you for

some time, and I perceive that this beautiful

scene has worked upon you powerfully. There

is a strong tie binding yonder castle and this

convent; if you think it would be worth your

while to listen, I will tell it you, for I love to

relate the legends of the Rhine."

Having my curiosity thus excited, I readily

complied, and following the peasant I was soon

seated on a fallen pillar in the grave yard of

the convent. Near by under a cypress tree

were two graves, and directly opposite was the

little tower, which, though high above us, almost

in the regions of the clouds, could be distinctly seen. My companion after permitting

me to observe these things spoke thus:

"Many, many years ago, long before either

I or you were born, Peter the Hermit, traveled

through Europe, as you well know, preaching

the crusades. In the course of his journeying

he came hither, and in yonder little vil-

lage, under the market cross, spoke such soul-

irr no word, that all the fighting men of the town placed themselves to march to the con-

sides under the command of the knight Po-

land. For many days before the marching of

the little band, our village was in a high state

of excitement. The blacksmith's hammer, and

fire were going night and day, busily employed

in making armor and other implements of the

warfare of that age. Sad partings were per-

formed on the last night, many vows were made,

to my teeth's plighted. But suddenly all was

the parting of Ellen and Roland.

"We Germans have an instinctive reverence

for everything connected with the legends of

battered men-at-arms rode into town. Their leader's armor was dented and hacked, his plume shorn off, and his banner in rags. These were Sir Roland and his crusaders. Changed and battered as he was, his vassals knew him, and both he and his followers were welcomed with frantic joy. The leader was still the noble, open-hearted German baron—who could tell him of his loss? Who so cruel to break to him the awful news? With all the ardor of youthful love, he directed his steps to the well-known threshold. All was darkness and emptiness. He calls the name of his beloved alone; he uses all the endearing terms which a lover only can, the bleak rocks and high precipices alone answer. Frantic with grief he enters a boat, darts across the Rhine, and learns his fate. He became a changed man. One day the inhabitants of the little village saw a tower gradually rising from the cliff as if by magic.

Soon it was finished, and then Sir Roland, summoning a few trusty followers, gathered his spoils the relics of many a hard fought battle and deposited them there. There he hung his armor and his good sword. Above all floated his blood-stained battle-worn banner. From the turrets of his castle he used to watch the garden of the convent below, where often Ellen might have been seen. But one day she came not, week followed week, and no Ellen sauntered on the walks. Then the bell of the convent rang out the mournful peal of the dead. Like a beautiful sensitive plant, Ellen sickened, drooped, and died under the touch of the clammy hand of death. And Roland soon followed her. Once again were his followers called together. There, clad in complete armor lay their lord on his bed tossing in delirium. Again he fought his battles, again was his war cry heard, until wearied he sank in death, murmuring the name of the loved one.

"Long afterwards was the tower considered haunted. Thus guarded by superstition from the ruthless hands of memento-seekers, the armor rusted on the wall, the spoils rotted and fell to the dust, and the banner was destroyed by moths, and naught remains but the crumbling walls of the tower and convent, and those two graves, where Ellen and Roland lie side by side."

So saying, he bowed respectfully and left me. lingered long around the spot. I strewed the twin graves with flowers, and muttering a prayer for the repose of their souls, I returned to—. On the next day I left Germany.—I visited Rome, Venice, and Florence, and amid the grandeur of the coliseum, and the church of St. Peters, the simple beauty of the island of Nunnemwerth, and the Rhine were forgotten, but when I reflected on the mournful life of Roland and Ellen, I wept!

## WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

### SOPHIA MOWBRAY;

#### OR

#### Life's Sunshine and Life's Clouds.

BY E. GRIFFIN STAPLES.

#### CHAPTER IX.

All's well, that ends well.

SHAKESPEARE.

The package still remained sealed, and Mowbray continued ignorant of its contents. He had the assurance of the dying gipsy that he was innocent of the murder, of which he stood accused, but his mind was still in doubt as to the truth of the statement. Did he not see the stiffening of the limbs, the rolling of the eye, and hear the shortened breathing of his antagonist? Could he doubt his own senses, and take the mere statement of Fitzgibbon? But, why should he doubt him in this particular, when all else had proven true?

He resolved to give himself up, and stand the test of a trial. It was due to the Commonwealth if he was guilty: it was due to himself if innocent. If guilty, then he could meet the stern rigor of the law, for he had learned to trust in a higher power than that of man, and although the penalty might be death, yet he did not fear those who could kill the body, for he had committed his cause into the hands of that Being who could cast both body and soul into hell.

He would not break open the seal himself, or allow any of the family so to do. He argued that the MSS. simply could not avail him much in a court of justice, while it might raise hopes "like the uncertain glory of an April day. Which now shows all the beauty of the sun. And by and by a cloud takes all away."

Why should the golden bowl be presented to the lips only to be shattered the next moment into ten thousand fragments?

Alas, how short a season of happiness was experienced by that reunited family! A moment sunshine dawns upon their destiny, and then the day spring of their happiness is hid in darker clouds. How could they be joyful, when such a gloomy, dismal night hung above the head of one so dear to them by every tie of nature?

Mowbray submitted his cause in the hands of a distinguished Lawyer, with the injunction that naught should be said of his chances for acquittal, until the trial came on.

The whole country was in a fevered state of excitement—every paper was filled with some fanciful sketch of the scribbler's own imaginings; at the corners and in the bar-rooms, the mystery connected with Mowbray and his family, was a topic for general comment; how much of truth was mixed up with their gossip we would not venture to state. Doubtless some of the many stories floating around had an admixture of truth, but the major part of them had no foundation whatever. Mowbray's counsel waived examination before the board of magistrates, and was only desirous that his client should have as speedy a hearing before a

jury of his countrymen as possible. His reasons for urging this matter were both practical and charitable.

The day set for the trial came at last—with hope bordering on fear, the prisoner took his seat in the dock. Before him was his wife—his daughter—and the aged patron, whose locks the snows of many winters had frosted over. How full of anxiety was each countenance! If to die was all, Mowbray would have gladly yielded to its stings—but his heart sickened as he contemplated the distress of those he loved dearest. How it wrung him to despair!

The trial proceeded; witness after witness for the prosecution testified to the fact of the murder, and recognized in the prisoner at the bar, the person in altercation with the deceased. It was a plain case, and the vast concourse who had gathered to witness the prosecution, shook their heads as if they deemed it a hopeless cause. But their sympathies were enlisted in the trial, and a low murmuring was constantly kept up, to the great annoyance of the court.

All except the attorney for the defence wore a sad expression upon their faces; the same calm, confident smile rested upon his features throughout the whole period of the examination.

At length the prosecution was completed, and the attorney for the defence arose.

"May it please your Honor," he remarked, before proceeding further with this case, I have papers in my possession which I would be pleased to offer in testimony, if your honor will examine them, and decide upon their admissibility. If allowed as testimony, I will rest the cause here, without a word."

The Judge took the package, and carefully examined the papers. Handing them back to counsel, he remarked, "they are strong evidence for defence, but according to usages of the court, I am compelled to rule them out."

"Then," said Counsel—"I am forced to that which I would have prevented, if these papers had been admitted."

"Will Mr. Blackadder walk into court?"

Commotion—commotion! Why this commotion—why this fevered excitement? Why so much difficulty in restoring silence.

"Mr. Blackadder, will you please make your statement to the Court and to the Jury?"

"Gentlemen—I am the person for whose murder, Mr. Mowbray is arraigned," the witness paused—a universal shout of exultation made the welkin ring. The wife, rushing forward, clasped the neck of her husband, the daughter laughed hysterically, and a fervent thank to God, was ejaculated by the aged sire.

When silence was once more enjoined, Mr. Blackadder proceeded. "I was but the tool of Fitzgibbon, who hired me to engage in a game of dice with the prisoner at the bar, and when the game had reached its most intoxicating point, it was agreed that I should charge Mowbray with using loaded dice. This I did; he resented it, and as preconcerted I gave the first blow at the same time—drawing from its concealment a large die; Mowbray saw the movement, and seizing my arm, endeavored to wrench from my grasp the weapon. I prevented him, and turning the blade upon myself, inflicted a slight wound in my side. The blood flowed freely, and I fell in the arms of Fitzgibbon, who pressed to my lips a goblet, which contained a mixture known to the gipsy race, to produce an effect resembling death. Soon I felt its effect upon my limbs. My eyes rolled wildly, and my breathing became shorter and shorter. I know that Mowbray was gazing wildly on my pallid cheeks, and I felt his hot breathing, as he leaned over me in an agony of despair. I heard the crowd pronounce me dead, when Mowbray, with demoniac yell, bounded from the room.

"The coroner's inquest was held over my body. Witnesses were examined who testified to the alteration and to the murder, it was deemed unnecessary to hold a post mortem examination—and my body was delivered to Fitzgibbon, who took the responsibility of burial. The jury found a verdict of death, by the hands of Charles Mowbray.

"I lay in this trance, three days and nights.

When I awoke, I was in a room of a large, unoccupied house in the suburbs of the city.

There was no one in the room except Fitzgibbon. From that hour I assumed a new character, and went forth to do the dirty work of the gipsy chief, so changed in personal appearance as never to be suspected. By forged notes, we succeeded in robbing Mrs. Mowbray of all her husband's large estate. By a ruse we succeeded in impressing her publisher with the belief that she was a 'plagiarist,' and thus deprived her of one means of support. By pilfering at the different houses, where she obtained a living, we impressed her patrons with an idea that she was dishonest, and therefore was not worthy of their patronage. Thus, having cut off all means of support, our last act was an endeavor to rob her of her virtue. I attempted her capture, but in this was unsuccessful. I have repented of my folly, and am here to day to do a simple act of justice. If the MSS. had been sufficient, I would not thus have exposed myself; but the judge has ruled it out, and I am here, as the last chance of saving an innocent man, and restoring him to his family."

At the conclusion of this statement there was not a dry eye in the vast assemblage. The jury, after an absence of a few moments, returned with a verdict of "not guilty!" The judge discharged the prisoner, and the scene that ensued can be better imagined than described.

Cedargrove is rejuvenated. The whole place presents to the eye a picture of beauty, and we can see in all the various arrangements the hand of her who was "last at the cross, and

first at the sepulchre"—and whose whole life is made up of deeds of love—peerless woman!

Blackadder has lived in retirement in the suburbs of a more northern locality, and we have cause to believe, has fully repented in sack-cloth and ashes, the deeds of his earlier life.

Of the other hirelings of Fitzgibbon we have no reason to speak, but doubtless they have long since answered before the bar of an offended Jehovah, for the crimes committed, while sojourning here on earth.

The aged sire lives over again his earlier days, in company of his children, and often dangles with the flaxen curls of Sophia, No. 2—the offspring of a marriage between Ida and the grandson of an old friend of the aged Staling. All goes merrily as a "marriage bell," and having sought and found the pearl of great price, they can each truly exclaim with warm hearts, devoutly,

"Oh, to know the love of Jesus!"

E N D.

#### Religion—What Is It?

BY BISHOP HEEBEN.

Is it to go to Church today,  
To look devout, and seem to pray,  
And ere the morrow's sun goes down,  
Be deadling slanders through the town?

Does every sanctimonious face  
Denote the certain reign of grace?  
Does not a platz that sits at sin  
Off veil hypocrisy within?

Is it to make our daily walk,  
And of our own good deeds to talk,  
Yet often practice secret crimes,  
And thus mislead our precious time?

Is it for sect or creed, to fight,  
To call one's self the rule of right,  
When what we wish is at the last,  
To see our Church excel the rest?

Is it to wear the Christian's dress,  
And love to all mankind profess,  
And treat with scorn the humble poor,  
And bar against them every door?

Oh, no. Religion means not this;  
Its fruits more sweet and fairer is—  
Its precept this: To others do  
As you would have them do to you.

It grieves to hear all ill report,  
And seems with human woes to sport—  
Of other's deeds it speaks no ill,  
But tells of good, or keeps it still.

And does religion this import?  
Then may its influence fill my heart;  
Oh! haste that blessed, joyful day,  
When all the earth may own its sway.

#### Miscellaneous News Items.

##### A PICTURE OF THE NEW YORK FIVE-POINTS.

The New York *Express* has the following: A report recently made to the Trustees of the Five Points House of Industry by Mr. Halliday, shows that on the block where the House is located there are 46 front and 13 rear buildings, which contain 382 families and 1520 persons, viz: 996 adults and 614 children; of these are 812 Irish; 218 Germans; 160 Italians; 159 Poles; 12 French; 9 English; 7 Portuguese; 2 Welsh, and 10 Americans, besides 36 colored persons. The Irish, it will be seen, more than double the number of all other nations. Roman Catholic families 1662; Jewish 257; Protestants 113. Out of the other 614 children, but 165 attend school, and of the adults, 605 can neither read nor write. The number of prostitutes is about 50 and are nearly all Irish and colored, not a white American. The number of floors in the 59 buildings is 171, having 738 rooms arranged into 381 apartments. In many instances two families occupy one suit of apartments, and in several cases three Italian families, consisting of from 10 to 15 persons were found occupying a small room for all purposes except sleeping, the bed room being only 8x10 feet. In one case 11 adults and 19 children were found in an apartment but sufficient for four persons. There are 33 basement tenants, most of them 8 or 10 feet below the sidewalk. Liquor is sold in at least twenty places. One of these corner of Cow Bay and Worth street is represented as the most infamous den on earth except its duplicate at Crown's Corner, opposite. On Sunday, Jan. 22d, between 10 and 3 o'clock, 547 persons entered the first place and 509 the other making in all 1054, viz: Men, 450; women 415; boys 82; girls 68: many of course entered more than once, and were counted each time. The entire assessed value of the property (not including the house) is \$176,300, and the gross rental is \$31,103.44. The assessed value of one building is \$7,800, and it is rented for \$135.25 per month. In one house on Center street the property is assessed at \$1,000, the owner rents it for \$500, the tenant sublets it for \$65 per month or \$822 per year. Of the persons in the houses, 550 were under 15 years of age; 143 between 15 and 20; 350 between 20 and 30; 195 between 30 and 40; 125 between 40 and 50; 55 between 50 and 60; 35 between 60 and 70; 1 of 72, 1 of 74, 1 of 82, and 1 of 100.

##### STRIKE AMONG THE EMPLOYEES OF THE JACKSON COUNTY RAILROAD DEPOT.

The New Orleans *Crescent* of Saturday last, says:

The question of the North vs. South, has taken a serious shape at the Jackson Railroad depot, in this city. Mr. Albro foreman of the carpenters' department, having been discharged by the master machinist, the carpenters working under him held a meeting, and decided that his removal was not owing to any fault in his duty, but owing to the master machinist, whose object was to introduce Northern men to take the place of faithful Southern workmen, residents and tax-payers of this city,

as well as to introduce a new-style Northern truck, much more expensive than trucks manufactured here. Agreeably to the spirit of

their resolutions, politely framed, adopted and published, the carpenters quit work.

This strike, or other things connected with it, seems to have alarmed the company; whether justly or not we cannot say; but the company yesterday applied to the authorities for assistance, and last night a special posse of police was detailed to the duty of watching the depot and workshops of the railroad on Calhoun street. The only opinion we have been able to form upon what we have heard about the matter is, that the call for the police to watch the factories and depot, originated in either a widely superstitious fear, or an intention to insult bitterly the workmen, who in their strike had the decency to give their reasons therefor and to publish the same. We understand that the carpenters striking number about fifty; and we hear also that the other workmen of the company in this city, numbering over two hundred, sympathize strongly with the carpenters, and will probably join in the strike, if the difficulty be not speedily adjusted.

#### A SOUTHERN SCENE.

It is so seldom that the real truth respecting the social condition of the Southern slave appears in the Northern Republican press, that we take pleasure in clipping the following paragraph from a letter in the Newark *Advertiser*, a republican paper:

I remained at Savannah eight days in sight seeing, and while there attended the races, a few miles from this city. There were to be found on the grounds hundreds of well-dressed negroes, with purse in hand, ready to bet you various sums on their favorite nags. Certainly a more happy, careless set are seldom found, and I could not help contrasting them with the almost naked and starving blacks we sometimes meet at home.

Last evening, in company with a number of ladies and gentlemen from the hotel, I attended a negro ball. The females were dressed in the extreme of fashion, with gold watches, bracelets and other trinkets gleaming among the folds of their dresses—in fact, all that go to make up the dashing females—and the fashionable airs they assumed were amusing to behold.

#### FEARFUL ASCENSION.

Prof. Wells attempted to ascend in his balloon, on Saturday, which came near proving disastrous to him. The balloon having been inflated, he stepped into the basket and gave the word to "let go," and was not obeyed, but immediately afterwards, when he was not ready they did "let go," and the wind blowing from the West, the balloon, with lightning speed, was borne upwards, he swaying forward and back with but one foot in the basket. It first struck a wool pile, then a fence, then the side of Coosa Hall kitchen, then the eaves of the kitchen, knocking off the shingles, and afterwards the eaves of the Coosa Hall, when it threw him some five feet from the basket, and he dangled in the air, holding mainly by his hands to the ropes. With great presence of mind, on arriving just over Coosa Hall, while some eight feet from the roof, he swung loose from the balloon, and dropped on the roof.—Had he not done this, he would have been borne into the air, and a horrible death would have awaited him, as he was holding by his hands, whose strength must soon have given out. A large crowd was present, anxious to see the ascension, and all were greatly relieved when he alighted safely.—*Wetumpka (Ala.) Spectator.*

#### JACKSON COUNTY (N. C.) MINERALS.

One of the editors of the Franklin [Macon Co.,] *Observer*, who is also assistant State Geologist, says:

"We spent last week and a part of the week before in Jackson county. Our examination of the mineral deposits of that county was highly satisfactory. Jackson county is rich in copper ores. Some veins have been recently discovered that promises a large yield of an excellent quality. There are already eight veins opened, all of which produce yellow copper and are capable of yielding a large amount.—But with the present facilities for transportation, they cannot be made available to any great extent unless furnaces are erected and the ores smelted on the grounds. The materials for such operations are abundant and convenient and we hope to see capitalists take hold of these properties and bring their valuable contents into use."

#### TEXAS GOING AHEAD.

Texas, says the New Orleans *Picayune*, has become the favorite point sought by the adventurous and enterprising of all the States. Population is increasing with unexampled speed. Lands are rising in value with every year.—The resources of this magnificent State are rapidly developed. Her cotton production shows extraordinary progress. She has already produced sugar to the extent of thousands of hogheads and tens of thousands of sheep and cattle, and the time is not distant when her product of wool will surpass the most flourishing of the older States, and the amount of her stock sent to a Southern market exceed that furnished by the great valley of the West.

#### THE MISSOURI RAILROADS.

The railroad bill appropriating \$1,480,000 to the Pacific, \$900,000 to the Iron Mountain and \$750,000 to the Southeast Branch of the Pacific Railroads, passed the House Tuesday afternoon, making a total addition to the State debt of \$3,130,000. The previous appropriation of \$1,000,000 to the North Missouri Road is not included in this bill. This leaves upwards of \$1,000,000 in the Treasury as a sinking fund for the payment of the State debt.

#### KILLED HIMSELF BUT DID NOT INTEND IT.

The Halifax *Echo* of last Friday gives the following account of an unintentional, and rather accidental suicide.

We learn that a man named Thomas Faulkner, residing South of

# THE TIMES: AN ILLUSTRATED SOUTHERN FAMILY PAPER.

3

## Times' Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 16, 1860.

Congressional Proceedings—St. Patrick's day—The new dome of the Capitol—Bishop Spaulding's lectures at the Smithsonian.

During the past week Congress has been engaged in the usual routine business. Several bills have been discussed, among the most prominent is the homestead bill which will come up in the Senate in a day or so; it is thought that not more than two or three Southern Senators will vote for it, and the question is asked whether the President will not veto it? On last Wednesday Hon. Mr. Curry of Ala., made a very eloquent speech in the House, demanding the protection to slavery in the territories, and earnestly condemning squatter sovereignty. He was followed by Mr. Vance of your State, who in a forcible manner delivered his views in justification of slavery. The friends of the admission of Kansas under the Wyandotte constitution expect the passage of a bill for that purpose, but not, as they say, till after the Charleston convention.

To-morrow, the fatal day of the Patron Saint will be celebrated in an appropriate manner at St. Patrick's church in this city. Several Societies (temperance &c.) belonging to that church will parade, and have a grand public dinner, by way of doing honor to this glorious anniversary.

For the new dome of the capitol the whole weight of iron work required is 3,700 tons, of which 1,000 tons have already been erected during the past three years. The original design laid before Congress was altered in 1856, and \$100,000 appropriated in August of that year, and \$500,000 on March 3, 1857. Another change was made last year to accommodate Mr. Crawford's figure of Freedom and its pedestal for the top of the dome, it being larger than the first design. The dome cannot be restored to the original plan without large loss and retarding its completion. The sum of \$30,000 has been expended on the demolition of the old dome and progress on the new. The balance on hand is \$301,145.59. The sum of \$245,000 is required for the completion. The total cost will be \$901,000, including the bronze mammoth statue of the Genius of Liberty which will surmount it, and it cannot be completed in less than three years.

Bishop Spaulding of Louisville, Ky., during the past week, delivered a course of three lectures at the Smithsonian Institute in this city, subject—"Elements and History of modern civilization"; "the Hall was crowded to excess and the lecturer proved himself to be one of our best American scholars; he studied for several years in Rome, and has made the tour of Europe. He was heartily applauded, and especially for various patriotic remarks, which could only spring from the heart of one of America's loyal sons. The lectures at the Smithsonian are free and a source of great pleasure and learning to the intelligent audiences that always fill the large hall of the Institute.

Q.

PHILADELPHIA, March 16.

Dear Times.—But a few days ago the music of early birds and the gentle breath of South winds made one's heart leap extensivly at the near thought of spring. To-day Old Boreas flourishes; and, with a new crop of ice in the gutters, and the cold hard look of mother earth, we are compelled to postpone indefinitely the sweet realities of chick-a-dee does and grass butter. You know Longfellow says:

"Learn to suffer, and to wait."

but then how should a tall poet know anything of Philadelphia grass butter, without a tinge of garlic or onions.

The venerable artist, Rembrandt Peale, has returned to his residence here, having recovered from his late dangerous illness at Stonington, Conn.—dangerous because of the exceeding age of the veteran. Mr. Peale is now in his eighty-third year; and we recently saw him in his studio at work on another copy of his famous portrait of the Father of his Country, the original of which was painted from life in 1793. Mr. Peale is now the only living artist to whom Washington sat. He attributes, in a great measure the preservation of his life during his late severe illness to the kindness of the citizens of Stonington, who, during his stay there, loaded him with every attention and civility. The most refined and prominent people of the city visited him, sat up with him, and sent him delicacies and presents. When able to leave, sixteen men of wealth and position formed themselves into an escort, and, on their own shoulders, carried Mr. Peale, in an easy chair from his room to the depot, four of them conveying the venerable painter by turns, their companions alternating with them in the self-imposed task. This reminds one of the honors paid to Titian in his old age, centuries ago. Mr. Peale and Thomas Sully are about the same age, and are the oldest artists in Philadelphia. An interesting incident in the closing years of their lives is the touching fact that each of these venerable men is now engaged in painting the portrait of the other.

For some years past numerous Philadelphians, aristocratic lovers of science, have had in contemplation a grand Zoological Gardens on the plan of those in London and the principal cities in Europe. Two years ago your correspondent referred to their designs, in this paper, since which their plans have been assuming shape and importance. It is in contemplation to devote a portion of Fairmount Park—the new addition of two hundred acres as far as required—to the purpose, giving jungle, pond, hill and plain to the four-footed creation, and the trees of the forest to the birds of the air. The plan is one of magnitude, and, in the hands of the enthusiastic savans who have taken it in charge, it must inevita-

bly be pushed forward. Perhaps the whole business of parks and green spots may seem foolishness to you Carolinians, who have the fields and woods so near your doors; but please to remember that there are hundreds of thousands of metropolitans who never saw a green field and who know nothing of a tree but from the glimpses they get of the stunted things, worm-eaten and rotten, that grow out of brick pavements to fling a sickly shade up or down the street. To such our parks and squares are a boon. And if so now, what will they be two or three generations hence when the square miles on which Philadelphia is now built will have grown to twice that.

The acclimation of animals, as presented in these Zoological Gardens, especially that in Regent's Park, London, and others in the old world, is a subject of vast interest even to those not professedly naturalists. The subject is fully considered in its most popular and comprehensive sense in a charming article in the last January number of the famous old "Edinburgh Quarterly Review." The fact that the Edinburgh has taken hold of it will gratify those who know the sterling characters of this Review that the subject is thoroughly and generally considered, extracting the very essence of a dozen works on the theme, and giving a greater amount of information in an hour's reading than could be elsewhere acquired in a day's close application. This is the plan upon which the four great British quarterly Reviews are conducted, and instead of furnishing the heavy, prolix reading matter which strangers to them suppose, they are to us and to all who habitually consult them more lively and entertaining than the last new novel. A dozen articles on as many subjects are considered in a single number.

The same general remarks will apply to the "London Quarterly Review." The January number of which is also just issued. We have no space to specify the articles, which range through the various departments of literature, art, politics, biography, etc. If the merits of these splendid Reviews could be fairly placed before everybody, we think that everybody would endorse them by their subscriptions. Certainly no intelligent reader who desires to be familiar with the great movements of the day, should be without either one or all of these four quarterlies as republished in this country by Leonard Scott & Co., New York; T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. They are published at three dollars per annum singly, or ten dollars for the four, and Blackwood thrown in. If subscribed for at The Times office we see that an arrangement is also made by which the Times is also thrown in. The force of cheapness can no further go.

A queer, quaint and quizzical book is issued this week from the press of Messrs. Ditch & Fitzgerald, New York. Its title tells its story, and here it is—"Ten Thousand and Wonderful Things, comprising the marvellous and rare, odd, curious, quaint, eccentric, and extraordinary, in all ages and nations; in art, nature, and science;" enriched with a very large number of good illustrations. Here is an opportunity for every individual to become the Sir Or. of his circle. Such an amount of out-of-the-way information as the editor has here strung together might be searched for in vain elsewhere in a whole library. It is particularly full in its scraps concerning the age of Cromwell and Elizabeth, those eras in England's history that are so filled with the extraordinary. We only quarrel with the compiler in one point. The deficiency of a full index destroys its usefulness in a measure to those who, like your correspondent, intends to use the book for reference. The general reader, however, will care little for this, and we pronounce the book in a word the best of the kind ever published.

From the same firm is issued a work which will command itself to numbers, especially those removed from the advantages of a metropolis who desire to be cultivated in the arts and graces of society. It is called "The Art of Dancing," and, besides full instructions in every branch of the art, contains an interesting history of the Terpsichorean movement in every age, with numerous illustrations. Like its companion volume above, the book commands itself to the reader for its practical ends. Either volume will be sent by the publishers on receipt of one dollar.

Michelet's famous book on Love (L'Amour) has been sold to the extent of thirty or forty thousand copies, while his histories and scientific works have dropped almost flat from the press. Following up his success in that work he has just written and published a supplement, entitled "Woman, (La Femme)," which has been translated into English by Dr. J. W. Palmer, of lingual renown, and published in a duodecimo volume by Messrs. Rudd & Carleton, New York; Lippincott & Co., Phila. Six editions have been sold in the first two weeks of publication, which proves that the public mind is pretty much one way, though the critics are divided. One of the American reviews recently contained a very warm and eulogistic article on the two books.

It is not to be supposed that the readers of Adam Bede and Jane Eyre are to be satisfied with an inferior novel. We can direct their attention to one which the London critics are pronouncing equal to either, and moreover an American house, Messrs. W. A. Townsend & Co., New York, have just issued it in a generous looking duodecimo of 436 pages, at one dollar, thus furnishing to American readers at this nominal sum, what costs the English reader nearly eight dollars. It is called "Against Wind and Tide," and is by the author of those highly successful fictions, Sylvan Holt's Daughter, Katie Brand, etc. We pronounce it the very best novel of the season; with a plot

well conceived and thrillingly developed, with a large compass of expression, with keen insight into character, and with a gracefulness and beauty of diction that are absolutely entrancing. Our readers will perceive that we do not consider it an ordinary novel. It is not. When the London Literary Gazette, the Athenaeum, the Saturday Review, and every critical authority in England are running wild over it, it may be presumed there is some fire amid the smoke. We say to you, reader, buy it! and if you can resist a tearful sympathy with some of its delineations, we only have to say we do not envy you.

The same publishers issue "Mrs. Ellis' House-keeping made Easy: or, Complete Instructor in all Branches of Cookery and Domestic Economy," Edited by Mrs. Mowatt. This is a compact pamphlet of 120 pages, containing as much as reliable information on anything connected with cookery and house-keeping as can be found in larger and more costly works. This work is published at the small price of twenty-five cents, and will be sent by mail; and housekeepers would do well to see if they cannot here procure the knowledge for which they would elsewhere pay a dollar or more. It is embellished with many good illustrations.

A new quarterly Review is about to be started in New York, under the most flattering auspices. It is to be called the National Quarterly.

XVL

CHARLESTON, March 13, 1860.

An unexpected honor—A passing glance at our principal sea port—Charleston, its attractions—the Battery, our equalled prospect—Visit to the Markets.

Dear Times:—Leaving Raleigh, after the date of our last, we had the pleasure of traveling as far as Goldsboro in the company of your senior editor; how we became aware of his editorial presence we do not know, most probably by a sort of magnetic sympathy. We were "traveling incog" ourselves and of course thought he was availing himself of the same privilege (all great folks do) and therefore did not invade his privacy. At Goldsboro we lost him and took up a member of Congress and an ex-Governor to boot, but did not feel any more honored than before.

Wilmington is a beautiful place, active and bustling; the shippers and commission merchants are ranged in a long line in front of the river, the intervening space being mostly covered with cotton, turpentine and rosin; it would do your up country friends much good only to see the immense quantities here accumulated; it would give them such an idea of the riches of our State as they have never had before. Thousands of bales of cotton have this year been sent to Boston, instead of New York, on account of the higher prices, and we were pleased to learn that a fair portion had been consigned to your enterprising fellow-citizens, Loudon & Bryan. These gentlemen have torn themselves away from friends and home, and certainly deserve encouragement on the part of Southerners.

A pleasant night-ride of about twelve hours, brought us to this Metropolis; the city certainly maintains her ancient fame for beauty of situation and for the talent, energy and hospitality of her sons. The public buildings are large, numerous and handsome; there are several noble churches, among them St. Michael's, a relic of colonial times, and distinguished by its chime of bells; every quarter of an hour they pour forth their sweet melodies, carrying a pleasure on their wings, even though they tell us that life is flying. Meeting street, on which the principal hotels and churches are situated, is probably the finest; it is wide, well paved and contains several elegant private and public buildings. King street, the Broadway, is blessed with the dry good stores, and enlivened by the ladies; all day long, in fine weather, the dear creatures, dressed in their best and looking their "very killinest," throng the thoroughfare. Sit in and out of the stores, making the loungers happy by their smiles, and crazing the clerks by their multifarious requests. We might say much about the beauty of the ladies—and they are not chary or prudish in displaying it, why should they be? it is their duty to make as many people happy as possible—but we have a pleasant recollection as well as a wholesome fear of the girls we've left behind us.

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How shall we describe the Battery? there

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We cannot close without a word concerning the markets; these consist of some five or six buildings ranged in a line and well stocked with fruit, vegetables, beef, pork, fish, game &c. Prudent housekeepers were bargaining over their dinners, attended by their servants; dealers were praising their wares, and just outside the buildings, carefully keeping out of harm's way and watching for any odd scraps,

were the buzzards, as tame as chickens and not the least important elements of the crowd. We noticed green peas, radishes, asparagus and tomatoes, partly of home growth and partly imported.

Yours &c., P. S. S.

NEW ORLEANS, March 9th, 1860.

Great Firemen's parade—How the Clay Statue is to be inaugurated—The young Nero of the Press to be the poet of the day—Colson and Parodi coming—Rout of the Douglaston in the State Convention—The two-third rule to be enforced at Charleston—Programme of the Southern Democrats—Briskness of Business—Weather etc.

The grand annual parade of the New Orleans Fire Department which took place last Sunday was the most imposing affair of the kind that has ever been known here. Twenty eight companies participated, and the decorations of the Engines and trucks were very costly and elaborate. The presence of a steam fire engine constituted a novel feature in the turnout. The churches were but thinly attended, and everybody and his wife seemed to have got into the streets.

Indeed our people seem, lately, to be getting fond of parades. Public expectation is now on tip-toe for the coming inauguration of the Clay Statue on the 12th of next month. Every craft is to be represented in the procession on that occasion. The Typographical Society will have a press in motion throwing off sheets descriptive of the life and public services of the Sage of Ashland; the ship-masters will have a model clipper; the steamboat men are to be preceded by a mimic steam boat paddling the air in the most gallant style, and so every class among our people will contribute some unique emblem to give color to the celebration.

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Mayor Wood has been out of office so long, and paying \$60,000 for votes to elect him, has been bid up by our wire pullers, and has to deal with heads of departments; and he made a curious deal with the Republicans in the police department, laying down in the same bed with them. How this will set with his Douglaston Convention schemes I cannot tell; it is however, very bad news.

Trade at present is very good from the South but short of all reasonable calculations made last fall.

Criminals suffer just in proportion in our courts, as a general rule, to their money, not to their offences or deserts.

The great dog fight between America and England comes off next month, and is now much talked of here among the "fancy." Such a spectacle would be much more excusable among genuine dogs.

One county in this State sent 20,000 barrels of apples to Boston alone, worth \$50,000.

Politicians are all calculating their—not the country's—chances next fall. I pity the country.

Seward's speech is full of strength and subtlety, as strong as iron work, and plausible as it was possible for Seward to be. It will strengthen his friends, but in point of fact, though much of it is sound doctrine, it is mere *preaching*, and preaching what neither he nor his friends practice.

Yours respectfully, E.

## American Slave.

The constantly increasing uses to which the substance at the head of this article is applied in connection with the facts of its great superiority in

## THE TIMES.



GREENSBORO, N.C.

Saturday.....March 24, 1860.

C. C. Cole, J. W. ALBRIGHT, Editors and Proprietors.

Contributors.—We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

K. W. CARTHERS, D.D., GEO. W. COOPER,  
W. H. HUNTER, R. B. SMITH,  
J. N. STONE, W. MILLER,  
M. L. H. STODDARD, Prof. E. F. ROCKWELL,  
Mrs. MARY A. DENISON, MATTHEW C. SAWYER,  
Mrs. J. M. DODD, T. T. COOPER,  
MRS. W. J. ASHLEY, OTTE E. LINWOOD,  
WILLIE E. PARSON, CLARA AUGUSTA,  
J. A. COOPER, A. L. COOPER,  
C. G. DUNN, Mrs. OLIVERSON,  
ANNA M. RAYES, PAUL RIVINGTON,  
CLARA AUGUSTA, Mrs. E. C. LOOMIS,  
MRS. J. M. RITCHINSON, JULIA SOUTHLAND,  
ED. ST. GEORGE COOPER, Mrs. J. C. FITZGERALD,  
MRS. J. M. COOPER, and others.

## ANOTHER PRIZE STORY!

THE LADY OF ATHERTON HALL:  
BY CLARA AUGUSTA.  
BY CLARA AUGUSTA.  
BY CLARA AUGUSTA.  
BY CLARA AUGUSTA.  
Commenced in THE TIMES for the week ending 17th March. The Committee awarded to THE LADY OF ATHERTON HALL for its style, originality, and composition.

THE HIGHEST PRIZE,  
THE HIGHEST PRIZE,  
THE HIGHEST PRIZE,  
THE HIGHEST PRIZE,  
THE HIGHEST PRIZE.

THE LADY OF ATHERTON HALL has a complicated plot, involving, in its three long chapters, the life of Mr. Atherton, of the lady of the house, and the author's story, all interwoven wherever necessary for the elevation of the mind of the reader to nobler aspirations and his heart to a higher life.

A few extra copies of THE TIMES will be printed to supply subscribers with back numbers, but to make sure of the copies, subscriptions should be immediately sent to

COLE & ALBRIGHT,  
Greensboro, N.C.

## Dr. Breckinridge's Plan for the Union.

The following article in reference to the Union-letter of Dr. Robert L. Breckinridge of Ky., is from the New Orleans Commercial Bulletin. It is so full of the spirit of vigorous and healthy patriotism, so expressive of the real sentiment of the people, as distinguished from rabid demagogues and fire-eating politicians, that we give it a place, entire, in our columns:

The terse and patriotic appeal of the old Doctor in favor of harmony and the Union, long as it is, is going the rounds of a large portion of the press of the country, and everywhere receives a fitting response from the honest masses. Patriotism is yet in the ascendant; whatever malecontents and revolutionists may say or do, and whenever and wherever an honest man rises up and with a manly, full heart speaks a good word for the Union and the Constitution, it fails like good seed in good soil. It never fails to make a profound impression upon the public mind and to elicit enthusiastic responses from the great mass of patriotic citizens everywhere. It is an index of a healthy public opinion underlying the surface, and despite all the noise and confusion which political tricksters may make for party purposes and their own aggrandizement. Public men would do well to make a note of this. When a man in these United States utters fanatic and treasonable words, or words whose tendency is to alienate and exasperate the people of different States, the effects upon the public mind in reference to himself have a marked difference. A few of his friends may applaud him, but the great mass are sure to look coldly upon him, to regard him as unwise or unprincipled. He lowers himself in their estimation, and the disapprobation will be certain to manifest itself sooner or later. There is a substratum, beneath all the boisterous excitements of the hour, of solid and warm and glowing love of country in the hearts of the American people, East, West, North and South, that is as firm as the everlasting hills. The politicians may go a certain length, may descend to a certain depth, without perceiving that a strong hand is upon them, without feeling the rock-ribbed foundations on which the government rests down in the holy affections, in the fixed determination, in the mighty confidence, in brave courage of the citizens of the Union, who maintain it in, and at all hazards, the great, the priceless legacy that has been left to them by the men whose superiors in patriotism, and disinterestedness and wisdom and comprehensive intellect, the world never saw, and is not likely ever to see again; but if, forgetful of this strong arm, of the depths lower than which they cannot descend, the politicians attempt to lay their rash and polluted hands upon the citadel of the great temple itself, the holy of holies, they become aware of their real impotence, that the people, and not themselves, are masters, and will put curb upon and set limits to their vaulting ambition.—Within proper boundaries, the politicians may talk and discuss measures, and even storm and make themselves infamous if they choose, but the instant they pass these boundaries, the

hands of giants are upon them. They are throttled by a power that they cannot resist.

"This invincible determination to maintain the fundamental institutions of this country on the part of the great mass of its substantial citizens is owing doubtless both to the character, for good sense and enlightened energy, which distinguishes the Anglo-Saxons race, and which seems to augur that they will yet to a great extent mold, if not conquer—by means we mean—the whole world—and to the nature of the institutions themselves. The degree of intelligence that is scattered broadcast over the country makes the citizen, even when least informed, so much of a man that he relies upon his own judgment to such an extent that it becomes exceedingly difficult for the demagogue thoroughly to hoodwink, or lead him blindly astray. He may be deceived for the time being, but his natural sense and intelligence come at last to the rescue, and the demagogue achieves in the end but a barren victory. Hence the great importance which the founders of our government gave to education to virtue and intelligence in the people."

minds of young readers from novel reading is to furnish them with plenty of material as is here provided, which has all the interest of fiction without its poison. Mr. Hill is admirably qualified for his undertaking. He possesses a rare power of throwing fascination around fact and writes with singular clearness and simplicity. Mr. Abbott's far famed juvenile histories are not better adapted to the youthful comprehension and taste than these useful little volumes, and we trust that American parents everywhere will put them into the hands of their children as freely.

The extensive and valuable list of strictly educational works issued from the press of Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Burr, (embraced in a catalogue covering nearly one hundred pages, which may be had by addressing the publishers, New York,) has before been referred to in these articles. The imposing list here presented has just been increased by two new volumes, the first devoted to the subject of *American Normal Schools, their Theory, their Workings and their Results*, as embodied in the Proceedings of the First Annual Convention of the American Normal School Association, Held at Trenton, N. J., 1859. A glance at this volume—a small octavo of 150 pages—will command the work to the numerous bodies in this State interested in the subject of education. It is handsomely illustrated with various representations of Normal School buildings in use, ground plans, etc., and contains numerous suggestions of importance.

The second work, as above, is a duodecim of 300 pages, containing *Bible History: A Text Book for Seminaries, Schools and Families*, by Mrs. Sarah R. Hanna, Principal of the Female Seminary, Washington, Pa. It is in the form of question and answer, and has for its object a more familiar instruction in the elements of sacred history than the youths at schools likely to acquire in any other form. The authoress has labored over thirty years in the cause of education, and the greater portion of this period has taught the Scriptures, principally the historical part, to all her pupils.—Taking her pupils under her own immediate care in the department of Biblical instruction, it is her plan to introduce occasionally her teachings in the nature of a comment, explaining difficult points, and insensibly leading her pupils to reflection until they acquire a taste for fuller expositions. The book is a valuable one for the school or family, and must certainly lead the pupil to a more familiar study of the great Text Book, the Word of Truth, the entrance of which giveth Light.

After a silence of seven or eight years the author of *The Scarlet Letter*, and *Mosses from an Old Manse*, once more emerges from his retirement bringing with him the most glorious and perfected of all his work, *The Martlet Fawn, or The Romance of Monte Beni*, the product of Hawthorne's lengthened residence in Italy, and, of course embraces descriptions of scenery, delineations of manners and character, and expositions of art and literature, set forth in that perfection of quiet strength and dignified simplicity which are so characteristic of Hawthorne. These exquisite plumpness at the beautiful art-world of Italy, are, however, held strictly subordinate to the weird interest of the story. The mythical and the real are delightfully intermingled, emotional experiences and the phenomena of the unseen are powerfully contrasted, the various elements of actual and supernatural character and suggestion awakening and keeping awake a deep and awe-struck wonder in the reader's mind until the final evanishment of Miriam and Donatello into the night of conjecture. The first, heated impression after its perusal, is that, with a somewhat varied and extended acquaintance with literature, we never encountered a more exquisite creation of genius, anywhere. A second or a third reading may cool our fervor, but there are glimpses of scenery, character, art, and description here which can never fade from the memory. We presume that sooner or later every reader will read this extraordinary work. Every newspaper and magazine is loud in its praise; but our love for the author whom they eulogize, and our regard for the public whom they instruct, compel us to beg our contemporaries everywhere not to let their tears of admiration so dim their eyesight as to make them throughout their praises misinterpret, or at least misspell, the very title of the book itself, and the name of the famous statue which was its germinant idea. "Ancient poetry and sculpture, we know, eternized various animals in verse or marble, and some of them, by the wicked will of Jove, were inspired in the celestial domain and 'diademed with rays divine.' But the chisel of Praxiteles never immortalized a quaduped, nor was this grand, strange Miriam of ours enshrouded with the features, form and movements of a youth resembling a *fawn* or *fawn*—French and Norman English for a *young deer*. It was the face, figure and manner of one in all human points a counterpart to Praxiteles' celebrated statue of a *Fawn*, that attracted and absorbed the soul of Miriam. That worshipped work itself was simply the Greek, ideal presentation in etched marble of the strong, free, sensuous, graceful, semi-human wood god—the wild, frolic mate of Nymphs, Naiads and Dryads—the child of Nature, whose joy it was to burst the hillsides, and bathe in mountain pools, or during the slumberous heats of the old, Pelasgian noon, to sleep far down in the valleys by a gushing spring, in the cool, dark depths of the forest. All this is represented, only with the inimitable grace and plasticity of the Greek genius, the sweet life, entertained by all men, of the fresh, natural, joyous, uncultivated, uncorrupted denizen and lover of 'woodland, hill and stream.'

The deep rich soil of Nebraska is exceedingly well adapted to corn growing. Henry Pilgrim, of Dakota County has raised this year on twenty-one acres of ground, a crop that averaged one hundred and sixty three bushels to the acre.

—  
An Austrian coin, bearing the date of 1674 was lately dug up, several feet below the surface in Decatur county, Ill.

Weak doses of wash-board are now recommended by physicians for ladies who complain of dyspepsia. Young men troubled in the same way may be cured by a strong preparation of saw-horse.

Messrs. Lindsay & Blackston, Philadelphia, publish a new and very interesting historical biography, *The Life and Times of Herod the Great, As Connected Historically and Prophetically with the Coming of Christ*; with Incidental Portraiture of the Noted Personages of the Age. By William M. Willott. The author's key is contained in the sublime "thought" of Pascal, "How delightful it is to see with the eye of faith, Darius, Cyrus, Alexander, the Romans, Pompey, and Herod, laboring unwittingly for the glory of the Gospel." Its very enemies have been its faithful preachers, overruled by the plans of Providence. The history of Herod, as connected with the birth of the Savior is the most interesting episode in all history, and the author here has woven together the great events of the time, explaining prophetic developments, and examining results which the ordinary reader cannot find time to unravel for himself. Historical Christianity is now occupying the profoundest minds of the age, and this volume is one of its most interesting contributions. The volume is an illustrated 12mo, beautifully printed.

Messrs. Sheldon & Co., New York, are now the publishers of that standard educational work, *The Elements of Intellectual Philosophy*, by Francis Wayland. In the case of such a work as this the task of the critic is easy. The reputation of Wayland's Intellectual Philosophy and Wayland's Moral Science is securely established, the former valuable work, especially, standing at the very head of all the Text-Books on the philosophy of the faculties of the mind. It is the work of a great intellect, and of the largest experience, Dr. Wayland's long-continued position in Brown University as the instructor in the important branch of education which is here illustrated, having qualified him for its thorough exposition, whether in the lessons of the daily school, or the printed volume. The fruit of many years' laborious research is gathered into this volume, and its practical benefits have been tested in every principal college and higher seminary of learning in the country.

The same publishers issue a very quaint and curious work, *The Nun's Professor in his Meridian Splendor*; or, The Singular Actions of Sanctified Christians Laid Open. In Seven Sermons at All-Hallow's Church, London Wall. By William Secker, To which is Added, The Wedding Ring a Sermon, by the same author. This ving sermon was first published in 1653. The air of two centuries ago hangs over the whole book, which reminds us of the quaint old affairs of Fuller, Pascal, and Francis Quarles. Quarles pronounces it a "beautiful little work, worth its weight in gold." It is refreshing now to take up so strong, substantial, and instructive a book, in the language of days gone by. Every reader should peruse it.

We have before referred to the "Household Library," formerly published by Deleaser & Proctor, New York, but now issued from the press of Sheldon & Co. Since this active firm have become its owners, this sterling series of books has largely increased its circulation. In uniform style of binding with the remaining volumes, Messrs. Sheldon & Co. have now re-issued the first volume, *The Life and Martyrdom of Joan of Arc*, by Michelet. The plan of the series is to extract from ponderous tomes that lie out of the reach of ordinary readers such episodes or biographies as will admit of detachment without injury. Eighteen of these magnificent fragments are now in use, each composing a volume containing the biography of some great spirit in history. Gibbon, Lamartine, Carlyle, Macaulay, and other distinguished authors are represented, two of Macaulay's most brilliant essays, the Life of Pitt, and the Life of Frederies, being included in the series. The publishers supply the volumes by mail or otherwise at fifty cents each. They should be in every household.

—  
HUMILITY.  
You lie nearest the river of life when you *lend* to it; you cannot drink, but as you *stoop*. The grain of the field, as it ripens, bows its head; so the Christian, as he ripens for heaven, bends in this lowly grace. Christ speaks of his people as "lilies"—they are "lilies of the valley," they can only grow in the shade.—"With this man will I dwell, even with him that is humble."

Governor Letcher, of Virginia, has made a requisition on Governor Dennison, for the arrest of Owen Brown and Francis Merriam, two of the Harper's Ferry insurgents, who are now, or have been in Ashland county. Indictments were found against them in Jefferson county, Va. United States Marshal Johnson, on the 5th inst., delivered the paper to Governor Dennison, who in a letter dated the 8th inst., declines issuing warrant, and states that his reasons for this conclusion have been communicated to Governor Letcher.

—  
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## Our Homes.

"THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

## Flower Garden.

## ROSES.

If not already pruned, no time should be lost in performing this very necessary operation. Thin out the weakest shoots, cutting them off close to the old wood. Shorten in the strong growth of the previous year to about four eyes or buds from the old wood, if standards. The climbing varieties of course require treatment according to the trellis to be, or is already covered. Where new trellis or rose arbors are in contemplation, we would strongly urge the use of lattice wire, as the most neat, durable, ornamental and in the end cheapest. It should be painted some neutral color, to preserve it from rust.

## TULIPS.

Where fine flowers are an object, care must be taken supports are placed to the flower stems before they receive any injury from the winds. Once they are bent down, all the care and skill that may be brought to bear on them will fail to restore the damage they have received.—Stir the ground occasionally, if protected by shade; see none suffer for water.

## HYACINTHS.

This lovely tribe of bulbous rooted plants are universal favorites, and we may add, no flower is more worthy of distinction. It is a flower for the million, prized alike by the rich and poor. Rain water is best for those cultivated in glasses. When planted in beds of the flower garden, it is best to support the blooms, to prevent accidents by winds or other causes.

## ANNUALS.

A few seeds of each favorite may now be sown on a moderately warm bed, well protected from frost; the object of course being early flowers.

## THE JESSAMINE.

This beautiful flower is now in full bloom in our woods and groves around. There is no denying that it is an attractive and fragrant plant, but parents and guardians should particularly inform their children that it is likewise a most dangerous one. We have several times published accounts of the deaths of children from chewing these flowers. If this fact is generally known it may save many a fond parent premature grief over a loved offspring.—*W. H. H.*

## Ladies should read Newspapers.

It is one great mistake, in female education, to keep a young lady's time and attention devoted to only the fashionable literature of the day. If you would qualify her for conversation, you must give her something to talk about—give her education with the actual world and its transpiring events. Urge her to read newspapers and become familiar with the present character and improvement of our race. History is of some importance, but the past world is dead, and we have little, comparatively, to do with it. Our thoughts and our concerns should be for the present world to know what it is and the improvements in its condition. Let her have intelligent conversation concerning the mental, moral, political and religious improvements of our times.

Let the gilded annuals and poems on the center table be kept, a part of the time, covered with weekly journals. Let the family—men, women and children—read the newspaper.

## A Woman's true Life.

To most women how rarely occurs the opportunity of accomplishing great things and making great conquests, as the world estimates greatness. But in every relation of life, and in almost every day's and hour's experience, there are laid in her pathway little crosses to take up and bear. Little lessons to learn of patience and forbearance, little sacrifices which may seem as nothing to the looker-on, but which from peculiarity of temperament may in reality be costly ones; little victories over nameless developments of selfishness, which perhaps only God and conscience recognize as selfishness; the culture of many a little hope and feeling and principle, the suppression of many desires, repinings, or exactions, which make the feeble woman sometimes greater and stronger in the eyes of Him who looks into the soul's innermost recesses, than the mighty man who takes a city. To the most of women the great warfare of this probationary life must be a warfare known by its best results; the enemies they would vanquish meet them in the little hidden nooks of every-day life; and the victories they gain in the warfare are recorded not on the scroll of earthly fame, but by watching angels in God's book on high. How greatly important then is each day's result in this discipline of domestic life, if here it we are to achieve holy victories, so as to receive at last the plaudit, "Well done," or at the last to find inscribed upon our course, "Defeat—failure—irretrievable loss."

## ORDINARY DUTIES.

We are apt to mis-take our vocation in looking out of the way for occasions to exercise great and rare virtues, and by stepping over the ordinary ones which lie directly in the road before us. When we read, we fancy we could be martyrs; and when we come to act, we cannot bear a provoking word.

## PATIENCE.

If instructing a child you are vexed with it for want of docility, try, if you have never tried before, to write with your left hand, and remember that a child is all left hand.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

LOM.

BY ANN M. BATES.

Hushed is her music sweet,  
Hushed now forever,  
Gone where the silent meet  
When life's cords sever:  
So take her low love,  
With cypress round it weeping,  
For the hound's string is mute  
That melody was breathing.

Still are her lyrics low—  
Did she in dying

From a bower of bright roses go  
Mid grief and sighing?

Were fond hearts grieving moved  
Like trees with tempests shaken,

That she so dearly loved,  
Thus should be taken?

Nay! for she died alone—  
Died in the river!

There did life's wondrous tone  
Lose its last quiver!

There in her griefs she came,  
Yet not in dishonor,

There she died with only  
God's eye upon her.

No friend in tenderness  
Softly caressing,

None in deep distress  
Pitying and blessing,

Sadly the night wind  
Moaned through the willow,

But she slept well.

On her cold watery pillow,  
Think of her lovingly;

Never to blame her;  
She on the whole earth

Had none to sustain her;

Weary of living,

And worn with regretting,

The star of her life

Had a swift, sudden setting.

For memories cling round it,

Garland of fragrance,

With which she once bound it;

And in your glad hours

Remember forever

The crushed broken flower

That lies in the river!

"What is it? Gerard Middleton! Has anything happened to my father?"

Gerard was very pale, but his voice was calm and even. He took in his own the hand she had unconsciously laid on his arm.

"Be composed, Miss Atherton. You have fortune—bring it to your aid."

"Fortitude? oh yes; I can bear anything! Only tell me the worst! Suspense will kill me! Is my father dead?"

"No; thank God! he is not dead!"

"But he is dying! I read it in your face!—Out of my way, this moment sir! I will go to him! My place is at his side!"

"The surgeon is examining his injuries.—You must wait."

"Wait! I cannot wait! Wait! and my father—the only one I have a right to love—dying! Again, I ask you, tell me the worst."

"Sit down, then; your fearful looks make me tremble for your reason. Your father was passing along Water street an hour ago; they are taking down some old buildings there, and a falling timber struck him on the forehead. He was raised up senseless, and by the physician's orders, we have brought him home."

"Do they say he will die senseless? Will he ever be able to speak again?"

"Miss Atherton, your very calmness terrifies me. Have you no tears to shed? no groans to utter?"

"Tears! will they bring my father back to health? Tears are a mockery. Tell me if he will speak to me again—before the eternal silence comes?"

"In all probability, yes. When his shocked system shall recover from this stupor."

"You would tell me that pain will restore him?"

"Perhaps so."

"Well, then; so be it. Mr. Middleton, look at me. Am I not composed and serene? Do you see any manifestation of emotion—and spasms of suffering?"

"I see a stone statue!"

"Very good. Statues do not feel. Therefore, take me to my father."

He led the way; she followed, and the two passed on to the couch of the wounded man.—Mr. Atherton lay upon a bed which had been hastily arranged in the centre of the room; his eyes were closed; and his brow bound with a white cloth.

Winifred approached, and touched his cheek with her hand. The motion revived him; he opened his eyes and spoke—

"Winifred, my daughter, is it you?"

"It is I, father."

"You are calm; thank heaven for that! you are calm, and yet you are very pale, Winifred."

"Yes, I am composed—perhaps a little pale, but that is nothing. My heart beats steadily—my limbs do not tremble."

"No. And for this I rejoice. I had feared otherwise. My child, your father is dying; you will soon be a desolate orphan—alone, and without kindred."

A sharp spasm shook her frame—the marble stillness of her face was troubled, but she recovered herself almost immediately.

"I am going to leave you, Winifred; and before I go, you must be provided with a legal protector. You are too young and beautiful to be left without a guardian."

"Well, father."

"My daughter, I am about to require of you an act of instant obedience to a wish I have never before expressed in your hearing. Within this room, before the lapse of another hour, you must become the wife of Millard Winthrop!"

Winifred staggered back like one stricken by rifle-ball; her face would be no whiter when the grave sods pressed down upon it.

"God forbid!" she ejaculated, in horrified accents.

"It is as I had expected. You are shocked at such unseemly haste. You think, perhaps, that Mr. Winthrop will share in that feeling. Let me assure you that you are mistaken. Months ago, he asked of me my daughter's hand, and I told him he must wait until you had time to love him. In this man I have full confidence; I would trust him with my life—I am not afraid to confide to him my dearest treasure—my Winifred. Knowing that you are his wife, I can die content;—the grave will have no thorns for me. This is no senseless chimera of a fevered brain; it is the firmly grounded resolve of one, who, as a dying man, discerns all things more clearly, the nearer he approaches that country where we shall see no more as through a glass darkly."

The sufferer paused to regain strength; Winifred drew herself up resolutely.

"Ask anything but that, my father! Require my life, and it shall be given up to you! but this thing I cannot do!"

"You must do it, Winifred Atherton! there is no room for a single doubt on that point! I, your father, command it! By your fears of my dying curse, dare to disobey!"

"I must dare it, father! I would defy the powers of the infernal region, rather than injure myself at the altar!"

Mr. Atherton fell back, a terrible change passed over his face. A deadly pallor settled on his lips; his eyes grew fixed and glassy. Winifred sprang forward with a bravery, and raised his head to her bosom.

"Speak to me, once more, father! Bless me—your little Winifred—before you go!"

He turned his face away from her, and moaned out, feebly—

"Little did I think my own girl would inflict this grief on her old father! Little did I think that my death hour would be embittered by that child's disobedience! The few brief moments I have to live must be cut short; my

death hastened by the wilfulness of my only daughter!"

His words cut her to the heart. She fell on her knees by the bed-side, and cried brokenly—

"Do with me as you will! I cannot listen to such reproaches as these, and live!"

Mr. Atherton's face brightened; with one feeble arm he drew her head down on his bosom, and kissed her icy lips.

"God in Heaven bless my daughter! She will make her father's death-bed a couch of ease!"

Mr. Winifred came forward from the window where he had been standing, and took the cold, passive hand of the girl in his. At a sign from Mr. Atherton, a gray-haired, mild-faced old man advanced, and stood up before the waiting trio. This was the pastor of Belleville—a holy man who had grown old in the service of his Master; and for long years had he presided over the congregation that went to worship in the beautiful cathedral, at the foot of the village mall.

He had baptized their children; married their young men and maidens; and buried their dead, and the people loved him; therefore he was sent away in his old age to the land of strangers, that a younger and more eloquent minister might sit in his place at the altar.

Gerard Middleton, pale and unaccountably agitated, arose to leave the apartment.

A look from Winifred stopped him. She went over to his side, and said—

"Stay with me, Gerard. Stay, and see me changed to stone. So merry and glad a wedding should not lack a groomsman."

And Gerard closed the door he had opened, and came back to the bed side.

It was a sad and solemn ceremony. The bride in her robes of crimson; her face whiter than the lace on her bosom; her lips cold and passionless; her eyes brilliant and hard as polished steel. The bridegroom, self-sustained, handsome, and triumphant; the dying man propped up on his pillows to look at the strange sacrifice!

The words were said; the responses uttered in the clear voice of the girl, and the calm, assured tones of the man; the lips of the hasty Winthrop touched the brow of his wife—

—and the fervent blessing of the expiring man was pronounced in a feeble voice, upon the newly wedded pair.

The great clock on the hall stairs pealed forth twelve strokes; the wintry winds rose to a fierce blast in the tortured elm trees; and through the lonely aisles and corridors of the Hall the wind-voices sighed and moaned like tombstone spirits!

And out into the night and darkness—out upon the unknown sea, whose waves wash the shores of Eternity, went the soul of Robert Atherton, to meet its Judge; while stark and motionless lay the earthly part, shrouded for the coffin rest.

During the three days preceding the funeral, while the remains of Mr. Atherton lay in state; Winifred Winthrop wandered about the darkened rooms, pale and stern as a Nemesis. Not a feature of her frozen face softened; not a tear dimmed the brilliancy of her glittering eye.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, was the body of her father committed. In a carriage covered with black pines, and drawn by sabre horses she followed it to Mt. Auburn; she went down to the very door of the tomb, and saw the coffin laid by that of her mother; she turned away as the iron gate swung inward, and shut that beloved form forever from her sight—and not a trace of emotion disturbed the marble immobility of her countenance.

Why should she weep, and weary heaven with vain prayers? Was not her miserable fate decided?

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### The Seerings.

"Drip! drip! oh, rain!

From the sky bedecked eaves!

Wait! wait! oh Wind!

That sweepest the withered leaves!

Sigh! sigh! oh heart!

That vainly seekest rest!

Moan, moan, oh Heart!

By grief and care opprest!"

*Household Words.*

One night more beneath the belov'd roof of Atherton Hall—one night more of liberty—and then Winifred was to go forth from its blessed shelter, to dwell in the stately mansion of her husband. Maplewood was a sedate residence; a few miles above the ancient town of Plymouth; and so far away from Boston that Mr. Winthrop would not be at home more than twice a week, and for this, Winifred felt grateful. The slavery, she thought, would be more tolerable while the master was absent.

This last night in the halls of her childhood, she had demanded solitude; her maid was forbidden to intrude; and she had asked of Mr. Winthrop, as a special favor, immunity from his society.

The night was bitter cold;—the snow fell fiercely from an angry sky, and the icy north wind whirled over the earth as though bent on an errand of destruction. For a couple of hours Winifred paced the chamber restlessly; at last she paused before a window, and throwing open the casement, leaned out into the darkness. The fury of the storm filled her with a wild delight. It was like the communion in her own soul. She threw a shawl over her head, and stepping into the corridor, listened intently to satisfy herself that the household was wrapped in slumber.

Then, she glided down the back stair-case;

under the great bolts of the outer door softly; and emerged into the cold and gloom. The piercing wind made her shiver, but the freshness and freedom of its breath gave her a mad

strength, and she went on down the lawn, heedless of the drifts whose billowy whiteness obstructed the pathway.

On, and on, her hand pressed hard against her heart, she flew; she had reached the pine copsewood at the foot of the meadow, and was losing herself in its depths of shadow, when an outstretched human arm stayed her progress. A voice strangely familiar said—

"Winifred! Winifred! where are you fleeing?"

"Let me go! Let me go, Gerard Middleton! I am in no mood for company!"

"You shall not go until I tell you of the life wrecked and the heart broken! of the terrible agony which another than yourself is enduring! Oh, why, why had I not been born a peer, or a pauper?"

"It was not so deserved. And wherefore ask that question? It could not have changed my fate?"

"Winifred, our stations in life are different; a wide gulf in society separates us; but before God we are equal. As a friend, as an equal, I ask you, do you love this man whom you have wedded?"

"Love him! It is desecrating the holy word of love to speak it in connection with his name."

"Winifred—I cannot call you by your new title—one query more. Deem me what you will. I must relieve my heart of this crushing burden of doubt. Loving him not, do you love another?"

"His face was close to hers; the dark intensity of his eyes searched her countenance. She did not speak, but the moon burst through its treble veil of clouds, and the pure ray of light fell down on the burning flush which crimsoned the cheek, brow and bosom of the trembling girl. He was answered.

"For this moment, Winifred, I am happy. In love, and to speak it in connection with his name."

"In being beloved!" she cried bitterly—has not the earth closed over the only one who loved me? Is not my path through life to lead me always over barren fields and streamless deserts?"

"None to love you! Would to Heaven, Winifred, that I could tear out my heart, and fling it at your feet, that, seeing all its anguish, you might be convinced!"

She comprehended him—she knew then how well and how earnestly she had been loved; for a moment the earth swam before her like a sea of glass—then all her woe and despair surged up in two simple words—

"Too late!"

His arms opened to enfold her—they held her madly to his breast; his lips rained down passionate kisses upon her face.

"It might have been! Oh God! the difference!"

She tore herself away from him, and stood erect—her brow bathed in the liquid moonlight. She looked pale and cold as a chiselled statue.

"Gerard Middleton, I am a wife. My time of weakness is past; I am strong in the determination to do my duty! This love which might have created for us an earthly Paradise must, henceforth make us strangers! Tonight, I bid you farewell forever!"

She held out her hand. He bowed his forehead upon it, and said—

"The decree is just! Farewell."

The next moment, Gerard Middleton stood alone; and through the snow and sleet, a dark figure made its hasty way up the avenue to Atherton Hall.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the gray of the morning, there was a knock at the door of

THE TIMES.  
GREENSBORO, N.C.

Ruth Mowbray put her little room in order, trimmed the lamp, and lighted a fire in the chimney-place. You would have thought, from her scrupulous exactness, that a favored and welcome visitor was expected. When everything was arranged, she folded her shawl over her shoulders, and locking the door of the cage behind her, she took the path through the snow, to the river.

She stood upon the high bank above the boiling flood—listened to the hollow murmur of the wind in the leafless trees, and the low gurgling voices of the waters as they hurried past.

A momentary trembling seized her—a cold hand seemed clutching at the warm fountains of her life—but she conquered the emotion, for the grave was not colder than the world—the deolate, heartless world!

She lifted her hands to heaven and cried aloud—"God receive me!"

The fatal spring was made—the earth crumbled from under her feet—the cold air from the river swept up and made her shudder—but she did not fall. A strong hand held her back—a grave, solemn voice said—

"Child! what would you do?"

"I would die!" she said, simply.

"Die! has God, then, called you? Do you dare to go unsummoned into the presence of the Ruler of Heaven and Earth—the Lord of Hosts, who has forbidden man to toy with the life which He has given?"

"I am weary and heart-sick, good sir; and the tomb gives a dreamless sleep."

"But the Hereafter! Have you thought of that? the terrible Hereafter! You are young and fair; your face is like the face of a child, why should you be weary of that life which you have just begun; and which strong men, buffeted by a thousand storms, cling to, so tenaciously?"

"I am wretched and alone. Not a tie of kindred; not a soul on whom I have the slightest claim for care or protection! I have none to counsel me; none to advise!"

"If you will permit me to stand by you in the place of a brother, I will be all that a brother should!" said the young man gently—but for comfort in this trial, through which you are evidently passing, you must look up to God, who alone can give peace to the troubled heart."

"I cannot look up! I have no courage; no strength!"

"Strength will come in answer to prayer, my sister; and not death, but life is the season for offering the petition. Will you come back to it?"

His friendly hand drew her away from the icy brink of the river; the strange persuasiveness of his voice brought a reaction of feeling to her sore spirit. She saw with measureless terror the frightful doom from which he had saved her.

"I will go back!" she cried, earnestly—"I will shrink from no evil! Only show me the way to light, once more!"

It seemed that he knew her residence, for he led her on up the path to the cottage which she had quit but a brief hour before. The lamp still burned brightly; the fire blazed cheerfully on the hearth. He seated her in a chair before the grate, removed her shawl with thoughtful care, for it was wet with snow; and then took a seat himself, on the opposite end of the hearth. During the space of silence which fell between these two so strangely brought together, Ruth had time to observe fully the face of her unknown guest.

This face was pale, a strict oval; its features finely, though delicately cut: the curve of the nostril indicated both firmness and courage, but the mouth was tender and beautiful as a woman's. The eyes were large and gray; the hair a soft, wavy brown, pushed back from a brow broad, thoughtful, and intelligent. It was a face of spiritual strength and beauty—the face of one who had lived and suffered.

The stranger spoke, at last, bending his head towards the girl.

"You are Ruth Mowbray! I recognized you at once, from having seen you, sometimes, at church. And I am John Rutherford, the pastor of Windfall."

She knew, now, to whom she owed her life—the eloquent young clergyman, whose burning eloquence, and wonderful powers of persuasion had won so many weary ones to rest their burdens at the foot of the Cross.

She arose, and held out her hand to him. From the fulness of her heart she spoke—

"Sir, you have saved my soul from death. For this I thank you. During the day and night which are gone I have been mad—but I trust the frenzy is over. Sometime, to show you the truthfulness of my gratitude, and to prove to you that I had some cause for distress, I will confess to you what has never passed my lips. It will fill me with shame yet I owe it to God for the sin I was about to commit against Him."

"Ruth, my sister, I ask of you no confidence which it is not your pleasure to give, but when you are saddened and oppressed, come to me freely, that I may share the weight of the burden."

He looked into her eyes with calm scrutiny—his hand was upon the latch, to go.

"You will be true to yourself—you will think of that terrible self-destruction no more! I can trust you."

He smiled upon her hopefully, opened the door and passed out.

And Ruth fell on her knees, and while thanking God that she had been taken from temptation, she prayed earnestly for that peace which passed all understanding.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., March 16.—Stevens and Hazlett were hung at noon to-day. Both were firm and resolute.

## THE TIMES.

Single subscriber, \$2 per year, in advance; clubs of ten and over, \$1.50 each. No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for. Specimen copies sent gratis, on application. Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT.

Subscribers receiving their paper with across-mail are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

## Back Numbers.

We have repeated calls for the back numbers containing the "Partisan Chief," but, notwithstanding the large supply we printed, we have been out two weeks. We are now doing subscriptions from commencement of "The Lady of Atherton Hall." We print quite a number of extra copies of this story, yet the number is reducing very fast and by the time the story is finished not a copy will be on hand—if the demand continues to increase as it has the past few weeks. Those desiring to read this beautiful story will please remember this.

## John G. Saxe, Esq.

We were much disappointed in not hearing this celebrated wit and lecturer, on last Wednesday, as previously announced.

The letter informing Mr. Saxe of the appointment, did not reach him, through some carelessness in the mails or those who had charge of them, before he left Chapel Hill.—Mr. Saxe regretted it very much, and we are sure that our people did.

## New Advertisements.

We would call especial attention to this department of our paper this week. The ladies will find that Mr. Weatherly has not overlooked their interest this spring, but has opened an establishment for them. We are glad to see this, and the ladies will appreciate it too. Several Petersburg advertisements are also worthy of the consideration of our southern friends.

## Lottery Swindle.

Our worthy friend, the *Warrenton News* says: "McKinney & Co., of Savannah, Georgia, having swindled us out of \$34, we caution the public against them."

We are generally willing to sympathize with every person who deserves it; but when an editor will advertise for a lottery he ought to be swindled. The *News* has two or three other lottery advertisements in the paper and is thus helping them to swindle his patrons—which is wrong—even if they do pay him for their advertisements. They have served you right, friend *News* and we hope you may learn that they are all swindlers ere long and discontinue their advertisements.

## Godey's Lady's Book.

This monthly is on our table for April.—We have noticed it so often and said so much in its praise we are at a loss to find words to express our opinion of the Book. We have always regarded it as the best Magazine in the Union for ladies. It is always ahead of all the others in point of time, beauty, fashion and favor with the ladies—so far as our acquaintance extends. We club Lady's Book and Times at \$4. The Lady's Book alone is worth \$3.

## Russell's Magazine.

The triennial existence of this Charleston monthly has just terminated. March is its last issue. *Russell's Magazine* is dead. We have no sermon to preach to the South about it. Let those sermonize who refuse to extend all material aid to it while alive—who wonder why Southern magazines all fail, and never take one—who rant about abolition publications, and subscribe to the *Atlantic Monthly*.

## American Stock Journal.

We have the first Number for 1850. Its contents command it to the attention of every farmer and stock-grower, as it is devoted to the improvement of domestic animals. It is published monthly at 25 Park Row, New York, at one dollar per year; and each number contains 32 large octavo pages, handsomely illustrated. The engravings of the Improved Kentucky Sheep and other animals, in the number before us, are well worth the subscription price.

## Dan River Coalfield Railroad.

The bill authorizing a connection between the Richmond and Danville Railroad, passed that body on Friday night by a very decided vote, receiving 118 votes, being 41 votes more than the constitutional vote necessary for its passage.

GOOD ADVICE FROM A VETERAN CLERGYMAN.

At the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Rev. Thomas Sewell presented a letter from the venerable Joshua Wells, who is now ninety-eight years of age. The letter contains many expressions of good will and brotherly love towards the members of the Conference, and entreats the members to refrain from the discussion of the slavery question, as nothing but harm to the church would result from such discussion. The Rev. Dr. Wells is the oldest clergyman living.

## The Guilford Grays.

This young, but growing company were out on the 15th inst., their first opportunity of celebrating the anniversary of the battle of Guilford Court House. They will hereafter celebrate this memorable day as their anniversary, and will, by the time it arrives again, astonish the natives with something grand—if not before.

EXPLOSION OF A GASOMETER.

New Orleans, March 16th.—The gasometer of the St. Charles Hotel exploded last night, and set fire to the building, burning two men to death. The fire was extinguished before any considerable damage was done the building.

## Stokes County Court.

This court convened at Danbury on the 12th instant. Being the first court of the year, the county business was taken up and disposed of on Monday. Taxes were laid; patrol committees for the militia districts, appointed; and the different county officers, elected. J. J. Martin was elected Chairman of the Special Court for the ensuing year, and Horatio Kelton and Joel F. Hill, associates.

The Hon. Hill is the Clerk of this court and is a ready and excellent officer. Among the members of the Bar were Gen. J. F. Pindexter, Hon. Jas. T. Morehead, Hon. A. M. Seales, James R. McLean, John H. Dillard, William L. Scott, A. H. Joyce, Joseph Masten, Jasper Davis, John M. Cloud and Rufus K. Pepper.

The State Docket, in this county, is taken up before the Civil Docket. On Tuesday, no criminal cases of special importance were tried. On Wednesday, there was a case which excited considerable interest, the case of the State vs. Enoch Going. The State was represented by Mr. Solicitor Masten, and Going was defended by J. R. McLean and A. H. Joyce, Esquires. This was an indictment against the said defendant, who was charged in the bill as being a free negro, for migrating into this State from Virginia, contrary to our Act of Assembly. The defendant, through his counsel, denied that he is a free negro, and alleged that he is of Indian extraction. The Jury, on the testimony before them, acquitted him.

On the same day, Rowan Stewart and Hartson Stewart, free negroes and brothers, were arraigned on the charge of having gambled with a slave, Calvin, the property of Alexander Martin. The State was assisted by J. R. McLean, Esq., and Mr. Morehead appeared for the defendants. The testimony showed that the free negroes and slaves played at a game of cards on the Sabbath day and directly on the side of a public road; that the three had liquor and were drinking; and that, after they were discovered by the witness, much abusive language passed between them, and that this ended in a fight. It was an aggravated case. The defendants submitted to a verdict of guilty and endeavored to beg; but the court, and very properly too, sentenced them to thirty-nine lashes each, a fine of \$20 apiece, and to be hired out for the cost and fines, if not secured. These, however, were secured.

On Wednesday evening, the Civil Docket was taken up. There were several plain actions of debt, and some litigated cases. None of these, we presume, would be specially interesting to our readers.

Danbury is situated on the bank of the Dan, two miles distant from the Piedmont Springs and in the midst of the blue hills around the Saura Town mountains. Pretty much all the buildings are new, and the public houses of entertainment are well kept. Through the country are manifest traces of improvement in agriculture, especially in the growing of tobacco. If that people can only get a railroad from Danville, passing through the rich lands of Town Fork, or near them, it will be a great stimulus to them to cultivate their lands still more highly.

## To Correspondents.

Iva, "The Alien's Grave" and "Friendship" are beautiful pieces. The remainder disposed of as requested.

MISS ANNA M. BATES:—Yes, we have missed you; but we thought you were so busy in your new field, as Editor, that you had not the time. "A Simple Story," "The Night Elves," "A Song of the Flowers," and "Lost" quite a treat. We will comply with your wish.

C.—Your solution appears this week. The Puzzle is good, but, owing to the difficulty of representing it, must be omitted. Thanks for your good opinion.

J. H. G.: A good article on the subject you mention will certainly meet with our approval.

J. STARK HOLLOWAY:—Among the Books" appears this week, and will look for promised articles. Wrote you a few days since. Another letter—just in time. All right.

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## The News from Europe.

By the arrival of the North America we have news from Europe to the 1st inst. The news is of importance, and shows that the political relations of the several Powers have again assumed a critical position.

It is both affirmed and denied that a treaty of alliance between Russia and Austria has been consummated. Whether this be true or not, there are powerful influences at work which have produced some remarkable results. The Russian ambassador at Turin has informed Count Cavour that it would be the assumption of a great responsibility by Sardinia for her to annex the Italian duchies at a moment when the other Powers of Europe are exerting themselves so strenuously to preserve peace; and the French Minister of Foreign Affairs has addressed a circular note to Austria, inciting the Pope to have permitted the aggravation of the Italian question by his neglect in the Romagna, and offering not to meddle with the States of the Church if the rest of the questions in Italy are permitted to be settled in accordance with the popular desire.

These are strange moves on the political chess board of Europe, and show that the old issue of the dynasties against the people is again ranging the Powers for diplomatic dispute, and perhaps for an armed conflict. In the developments now made England is accused of having broken up the recently proposed Congress, by refusing to permit the eventual discussion of the treaty of 1856.— From this we gather that Russia wishes to break up the treaty of Paris, while the aim of Louis Napoleon is to sweep away those of 1815. In this dispute England is no longer under the tory rule of George the Third, and through that the leader and paymaster of every combination of the dynasties against the popular aspirations of the age. Commerce has entered largely into the influences that sway her councils, and this has little sympathy with the mystic theories of rule by divine right and the inheritance of blood.

Matters begin to wear a serious aspect, however, and every steamer will now bring us important and interesting news from the continent of Europe.

## Trial of Harris—a Deaf Mute.

We find in the Petersburg *Express*, of the 16th instant, an account of this trial. We make the following extract:

There was one case on the State Docket, which created interest. I allude to the case of Harris, (a deaf mute) charged with the murder of a man named Fowler, who I think, was nearly connected with the person, by marriage. The counsel for the prisoner suggested that he was deaf and dumb—had been so from his birth—had never been instructed—was not of sufficient mind to understand the nature of the trial, or his rights under it.— The Court then directed an issue to that effect to be made up and tried by a Jury. It was on the preliminary issue that the battle was fought for the prisoner. The examination of the witnesses continued until late Friday evening. The argument was postponed until the next morning. The interest felt by the public in the investigation, was kept up throughout the whole of the time for the argument to approach. The whole proceeding was a novel one. The oldest spectators had never before seen an uneducated deaf-mute put on trial for his life.

Wm. D. Cooke, the Principal of the Institute for the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind of this State, was the last witness examined. His testimony seemed to satisfy every one, and that it would be wrong—a mockery of law and the forms of law, and of justice—to put a man in the prisoner's condition on trial.

The next morning, Saturday, the court-house was crowded, all anxious to hear the argument of counsel, when to the disappointment of many, it was, after a short conference of counsel on both sides, announced that a verdict had been agreed upon. Specific instructions were asked for by the State's counsel, which were refused by the Court, and other instructions, in accordance with the views of the prisoner's counsel, given, whereupon a verdict was entered for the prisoner, and the State appealed to the Supreme Court. Thus ends the case for the present. If the Supreme Court grants a new trial, the whole issue will have to be gone through again. If a new trial is refused, the prisoner's life is saved, but he will have to be placed in the Lunatic Asylum.

## THE WAR IN MEXICO.

New Orleans, March 15.—Acapulco advises to the 27th February have been received.— Gen. Alvarez had ordered Gen. Wheat to Vera Cruz to command the foreign auxiliaries expected there. Miramon, it was believed would not attack Vera Cruz. Caraval with 2000 men had cut off 1000 of Miramon's troops, and effectively prevented all communication with the Capitol.

Miramont was short of provisions and army supplies, and was awaiting with impatience the supplies expected from the Havana expedition.

Since the withdrawal of Mr. McLane, the American Minister, Alvarado had been blockaded by the Liberals.

The British, French and Spanish Ministers and residents were earnestly engaged in endeavoring to arrange a compromise or adjustment between Juarez and Miramon, and had proposed an armistice for six months.

It is stated that American influence is declining in Mexico.

Commander Jarvis, U. S. N., has notified

Miramont that interference with American interests or commerce will not be permitted.

The Juarez Government have denounced, as piratical, the expedition from Havana in aid of Miramon.

A large amount of specie was awaiting transportation from Mexico.

Three American war vessels were at Vera Cruz, the *Preble* being the first to arrive.

All the non-combatants have left Vera Cruz.

## PERSONAL.

We had the pleasure of a visit on yesterday, from Mr. Cole, one of the popular Editors of the Greenborough, North Carolina, *Times*, a literary paper which should be in every Southern household. Mr. Cole is in the city upon a business tour, and we trust will receive a general encouragement from our merchants, in the way of advertisements, and from the literary, in the way of subscriptions. The *Times* is considered equal to any similar publication in the Union, and as a Southern literary paper, deserves a liberal support. As a business medium the *Times* is also most excellent for North Carolina trade.—*Petersburg Express*.

## Musical.

**HORACE WATERS, AGENT.** 333 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Publisher of Music and Music Books, dealer in Pianos, Melodeons, Organs, Martin's celebrated and other Guitars, Violins, Tenor Violins, Violincellos, Accordions, Flutins, Flutes, Clarinets, Triangles, Tuning Forks, Pipes and Pianos, best Italian Strings, Brass Instruments for Bands, Piano Stools and Covers, and all kinds of Musical Instruments.

**SHEET MUSIC** from all the publishers in the United States; Berlin's, Huntin's and Modern School, and all kinds of Instruction Books for the above instruments; Church Music Books; Music elegantly bound; Music Paper; NEW PLANS—\$175.00, \$250.00 and up to \$300; Second Hand Pianos—\$25.00, \$35.00, \$45.00 and up to \$200; Second Hand Melodeons, from \$70 to \$80; Alexandre Organs, with five stops, \$250. \$275 and \$300; Fifteen stops, \$325 and \$375. A liberal discount to Clergymen, Churches, Sabbath Schools, Seminaries and Teachers. The Trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

**Agents** wanted for every county in the State. Terms liberal.

## Dry Goods, &amp;c.

## FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING.

We take great pleasure in announcing to our old friends and customers that we are receiving a large and well selected stock of Fall and Winter Clothing, comprising a full line of men's, women's, children's, boys', girls', and infants' coats, pants and vests; also a fine stock of Gent's Furnishing Goods, Shirts, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Knives, Pistols, Walking Canes, a good stock of Watches; in fact, everything usually found in a large Clothing Emporium. We cheerfully present our goods for inspection, with the most perfect confidence in their quality and preparations to give satisfaction to all who may favor us with a call. We boldly compete, not only in the assortment, but in the

**GREAT BARGAINS.**

we can offer to our customers. Our stock for the winter is large, and cannot be surpassed; and having bought of the largest houses in the world, we are positively well off with our goods, than any other establishment in the same trade.

Thanking our friends, customers and the public in general, for their favors we hope for a continuance of the same, assuring them that they shall receive the best bargains to be had in this country.

Sept-17. S. ARCHER & CO.

**BOOTS AND SHOES, CHEAP.**

I am now receiving and opening the largest stock of Boots and Shoes ever offered in Greensboro. My stock consists of men's, women's, boys', girls', children's Shoes and Gaiters.

**EVERY VARIETY, STYLE AND PRICE:**

Negro Boots, Leather, French Calf-skins, and Shoe-foots of every description. All of which will be sold at prices that defy competition. All I ask is trial to convince you that it is your interest to buy of me. Terms cash.

41-17 J. B. F. BOONE.

**NEW MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA.**

Look here friends and fellow-citizens, will you buy the noble state of North Carolina? If so, send to the author, or subscribe to the country agent, for their new, large and magnificent **MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA**, and you will get the whole State, with her rivers, railroads, gold, copper, lead, iron and coal mines, and all the cities, towns and villages, her noble mountains and springs, and her flowers and forests. If you are a citizen of the State, the **MAP** is a great gift to you, and will be a great ornament to your home. The **MAP** is a great bargain, and is one of the cheapest and best maps ever published.

Agents are wanted for every county in the State. Terms liberal.

PEARCE & BEST.

Hillsboro, N. C.

## TO THE SOUTHERN TRADE.

**KENT, PAINE & CO.** importers and dealers of fancy and simple dry goods, 163 and 165 Main street, Richmond, are now receiving, have in store, and offer to the Southern Trade upon the most favorable terms, five thousand packages of fresh, seasonable and desirable

**STAPLES AND FANCY GOODS.**

both of foreign and domestic manufacture. Our imports from the various European markets have been unusually large, and we are prepared to offer to our customers the largest and most splendid stock of dry goods ever exhibited in Virginia. We have also made arrangements with the manufacturers of Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia for a full assortment of their various productions, such as

**SHIRTINGS, SHEETINGS, OVAL LINENS, VARNISHES, KERSEYS, CASSIMMERS, TWEDDLES, &c.**

which we will sell at manufacturers' prices. We are also prepared to exhibit a very large and beautiful stock of

**READY-MADE CLOTHING**,

manufactured at home by Virginia workmen, under our own supervision, which we guarantee to be gotten up in good style and workmanship. We will be glad to receive orders for the same at or below Northern prices.

Determined to deserve the large patronage with which we have for so many years been favored, we shall the present season take measures to satisfy the Southern merchants that a home market is equal if not superior to any at the North. Our facilities are unsurpassed by any in the trade, here or elsewhere, and we shall be happy to conduct our business upon just and liberal principles.

KENT, PAINE & CO.

402-414 Main-st., Richmond, Va.

“Troy, N. Y., August 5, 1858.—**HORACE WATERS, Esq.** Sir: The Melodeon you sent me was duly received in good order. I am now fully prepared to say that the instrument is highly satisfactory; and I beg you will accept my thanks for the very liberal terms on which you furnished it, and for the very honorable manner in which you have fulfilled, and are fulfilling, your promise to me.

John Smith, of Cortland, New York, who has had one of the Horace Waters Pianos, writes as follows:

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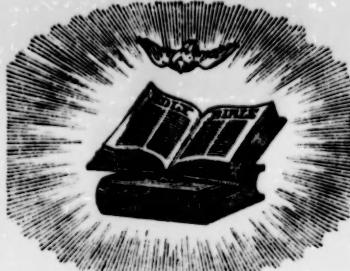
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## Children's Department.

EDITED BY WILLIAM R. HUNTER.  
"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

## MY MOTHER.

Who fed me from her gentle breast,  
And hushed me in her arms to rest.  
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?

My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,  
Who was it sung sweet lullaby,  
And soothed me that I should not cry?

My Mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head  
When sleeping on my cosy bed,  
And tears of sweet affection shed?

My Mother.

Who loved to see me pleased and gay,  
And taught me sweetly how to play?  
And minded all I had to say?

My Mother.

Who can to help me when I fell,  
And would some pretty story tell,  
Or kiss the place and make it well?

My Mother.

Who taught my infant heart to pray,  
And love God's holy book and day.  
And taught me wisdom's pleasant way?

My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be  
Affectionate and kind to thee,  
Who was so very kind to me,—

My Mother.

Ab, no! the thought I cannot bear;  
And if God p'ea-ses my life to spare,  
I hope I shall reward thy care,—

My Mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,  
Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,  
And tears of sweet affection shed,—

My Mother.

For God, who lives above the skies,  
Would look with vengeance in his eyes.  
If I should ever dare despise

My Mother.

THE WEDDING GARTEN.

Jesus, on one occasion, told the people the following parable:

A certain king made a marriage for his son, and sent his servants to call those who were invited to the feast. But they would not come, and they even killed the servants who were sent to call them. Then the king was very angry; and he sent an army, and destroyed these wicked men, and burnt up their city. After this, he told his servants to go out again and call all they found, and bring them to the marriage. So the servants went and gathered together a great many from the highways and hedges, and brought them to the feast.

But were these poor people fit to sit down with the king and his son at the marriage?

No; not in their own clothes, for they were ragged and dirty; but the king had a beautiful garment ready for each of them; and when they were dressed in this they looked quite fit to appear at the feast. Were not all these poor people very thankful to the king for his kindness, and very much pleased to put on the beautiful robe? No! one of them was not. When the garment was offered to him, he would not have it. He said his own clothes were good enough; and he was too proud to accept the king's beautiful robe. So he went in, dressed in his own ragged garments.

At last the king came to see the company. He looked very much pleased with those who were dressed in the marriage garment, and spoke kindly to them, and welcomed them to the feast. But when he saw the man standing there in his own dirty and ragged clothes, he was surprised and angry; and he called him, and said, "Friend, how camest thou in here without a wedding garment?" The man made no answer. He felt how foolish he had been, and began to feel frightened; for he could not excuse himself. Then the king turned to his servants, and said, "Take that man and bind him hand and foot, and cast him out; for he shall not stay here and eat at my table." So the man was sent away in disgrace.

The first part of this parable is very much like the parable of the great supper which probably you have all read; but the last part about the marriage garment, is new. What does it mean? God invites us all to the marriage supper of the Lamb in heaven; but how may we go to it? Not in our own goodness; God will not accept us in that. The Bible says, "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags," like the dirty and ragged clothes of the man in the parable. They who appear in these at the day of judgment will be cast out as he was. But there is a righteousness in which we can be accepted; and that is the righteousness of Christ, which "unto all and upon all them who believe" in him. This is like the beautiful marriage garment in the parable. It is called the "fine linen, clean and white; for the fine linen, is the righteousness of the saints." In this all God's people

will appear in heaven. But how can we get the marriage garment? God is willing to give it to all who are willing to receive it. He says, "I counsel thee to buy of me white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed." And we may buy it "without money and without price."

## Useful Information.

An immense store of rich knowledge is latent in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, edited and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information to the man of science, the professional artist, the manufacturer, and the farmer.

## Diseases of Cattle and Remedies.

## MILK FEVER.

From half a pound to a pound of Epsom salts, dissolved in a quart of boiling water, and add one-quarter of an ounce each of powdered red pepper, caraway seed, ginger, and a gill of molasses, and give the whole lukewarm at once. If this does not act on the bowels, another dose is to be given, with the quantity of pepper, caraway, and ginger doubled. After the operation of this medicine, sedatives may be given if necessary. Bleeding is sometimes, but rarely, necessary in the first stages of this disease.

## RED WATER.

Take a pound of Epsom salts, half an ounce of ginger, and half an ounce of carbonate of ammonia. Pour a quart of boiling water on the salts and ginger, stir thoroughly, and when cold add the ammonia. If this fails to act on the bowels, repeat a quarter part of it every six or eight hours till it succeeds. Give a nutritious diet afterward.

## SIMPLE FEVER.

In slight attacks a cathartic of salts, sulphur and ginger is sufficient, but if neglected it will turn into pleurisy, and then a veterinary surgeon should be called in to give the best chance of saving the animal.

## HOVEN.

In the early stages, the gas in the animal's stomach may be neutralized by giving two ounces of ammonia in a quart of warm water every quarter of an hour, or by the use of chloride of lime, in the same way.

## SCOURS OR DIARRHEA.

Mild purgatives, followed by astringents, are advisable in this disease.

## DISENTERY, SCOURING ROTT.

This is a dangerous and troublesome malady, and difficult to cure. Dry, warm, starchy, with careful nursing, will do much. Dry, sweet food, should be given. Give a purgative, and afterward make a mixture of two ounces prepared chalk, one ounce powder oak, two drams pulverized catechu, one dram pulverized opium, and four drams powdered ginger, to which add a little starch, and give it in a quart of warm gruel.

## TYPHOID FEVER.

Copious drinks of oatmeal gruel, with tincture of red pepper, a diet of bran, warmth to the body, and pure air, are great essentials in the treatment of this disease; followed by light purgative medicines, and afterward by light stimulants, to move the digestive organs into healthy action.

## HOSE.

Half a pint of lime water every morning, and a tablespoonful of salt each evening, for four or five days, will alleviate this disease, which most generally affects calves and young cattle. An ounce of oil of turpentine in four ounces of lassled oil, repeated once a week, is often effective.

## INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS.

Warm water and mashes or gruel may be given, and the animal kept in a dry, warm place. If the body is cold give two ounces sweet spirits of nitre, four ounces liquor acetate ammonia, in a pint of water, two or three times a day.

## COLIC.

A carminitive mixture, composed of half a teaspoonful each of powdered anise seed and cinnamon given in a quart of spear mint tea, and repeated if necessary, is the best method of treating this disease. A couple of quarts of thin gruel made from slippery elm bark is also good. Brisk friction of the belly and warm housing, should also be used.

## MANGE.

The affected spots once a day with an ointment made of sulphur, 1 lb. mercurial ointment, 2 ounces, turpentine, ½ lb. lard, 14 lbs. Melt the turpentine and lard together, and stir in the sulphur as the mixture cools; then rub down the mercurial ointment on some hard surface with the other ingredients.

## CAKED BAGS AND SORE TEATS.

May be removed by washing the bag and teats several times a day in clean soft water, after rubbing them with goose oil, or an ointment made by simmering the root of bitter-sweet in lard.

## HOW TO SELECT FLOUR.

First look at the color: if it is white with a slightly yellowish or straw colored tint, buy it, if it is very white, with a bluish cast, or with black specks in it, refuse it. Second, examine its adhesiveness; wet and knead a little of it between your fingers; if it works soft and is sticky, it is poor. Flour from spring wheat is likely to be sticky. Third, throw a lump of dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface; if it falls like powder, it is bad.

Fourth, squeeze some of the flour in your hand; if it retains the shape given by the pressure, that is a good sign. Flour that will stand all these tests is safe to buy. These modes are given by old flour dealers, and we make no apology for printing them, as they pertain to a matter that concerns every body, namely, the quality of the staff of life.

## Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brushwood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest shade, the other yields the durliest heat; and both meeting make the best fire.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

In the Times, No. 212 on the last page, your types made me say, "each had a mother who was also his sister, who was also his aunt." It should have read, "each had a mother who was also his sister; each had a sister who was also his aunt." I also noticed errors in other numbers of the Times, but did not have time to correct them.

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